

F A B L E S,

COMPOSED

FOR THE USE OF THE

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Salignac de La Roche BY
M. F E N E L O N,
ARCHBISHOP

OF

C A M B R A Y.

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY MR. ELPHINSTON.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS

M.DCC.LX.

F. A. B. L. E. S.

COMP. 0-2-10

FOR THE USE OF THE

DUKE OF BURGUNDY

BY

M. T. E. N. L. O.

A. E. N. L. O.



BY M. E. L. P. H. I. N. G. T. O. N.

GLASGOW

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W. D. E. L. L.

M E D A L.

AND

ALLEGORICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

I Think, Sir, that I ought to lose no time of informing you of a thing extremely curious, and upon which you will not fail to make the proper reflections. we have got in this country a learned man, named M. Wanden, who has great correspondence with the antiquaries of Italy: he pretends to have received from them an ancient medal, which I have never yet been able to get a sight of, but whereof he has caused some copies to be struck, which are finely done, and which will, in all probability, very soon disperse themselves thro' all the countries where are any curious persons. I hope to send you one in a few days; in the mean time, I shall give the most exact description of it I can. on one side this medal, which is very large, represents a boy of a very fine and very noble figure; you see Pallas covering him with her Egis; at the same time, three Graces strew his way with flowers;

Apollo, attended by the Muses, offers him his lyre; Venus appears in the air in her chariot, drawn by doves, and lets her girdle fall upon him; Victory points out to him with one hand, a triumphant car, and, with the other, presents to him a crown, the motto is taken from Horace; 'non sine Dis animosus infans.' 'no generous boy without Propitious gods.' the reverse is very different. it is manifest that 'tis the same boy, for one immediately knows the same air of the head; but he has about him none but grotesques and hideous masks, venomous reptiles, as vipers and serpents, insects, owls, and villainous harpies, which fling about with ordure on all sides, and tear every thing with their hooked claws: there is a company of impudent and sneering Satyrs, who assume the oddest postures; who grin, and point with their fingers to the tail of a monstrous fish, which terminates the body of the beautiful boy; underneath you read these words, which you know are also Horace's: 'turpiter atrum definit in piscem.' 'he shameful ends in a foul fish's tail.' the learned are much puzzled to find out upon what occasion this medal has been struck in antiquity. some maintain that it represents Caligula, who being son to Germanicus, had given in his infancy so exalted hopes for the happiness of the empire, but who afterwards became a monster. others will have it, that all this has been done for Nero, whose beginnings were so happy, and end so hor-

rible. but both agree that a shining young Prince is meant, who promised much, and proved deceitful. but there are others more distrustful, who will not believe that this medal is an antique. the mystery which M. Wanden makes of it occasions great suspicions: people will be fancying that they see something of our time figured in the medal; perhaps it signifies great hopes which have turned, or may turn into great curses; they seem maliciously to glance at some young Prince, all whose good qualities they strive to sink in the defects imputed to him; besides M. Wanden is not only curious, but a politician, strongly attached to the Prince of Orange; and it is suspected that it is in confederacy with him, that he means to disperse this medal thro' all the courts of Europe. you will judge much better than I, Sir, what should be thought of it. it sufficeth me to have imparted to you this news, which causes hot disputes here amongst all men of letters, and to assure you that I am always

Amsterdam,

Your most Lumble

May 4, 1691.

and most obedient servant

BAYLE.

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OF THE

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COLLECTION
OF
FABLES.

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF THE LATE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

FABLE I.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARISTONOUS.

SOPHRONYMUS HAVING LOST THE MEANS OF his ancestors by shipwrecks, and other misfortunes, solaced himself by his virtue in the isle of Delos. there he sung to a golden lyre, the wonders of the god, adored in that island: he cultivated the muses, by whom he was beloved; he curiously investigated all the secrets of nature, the course of the stars, and of the heavens, the order of the elements, the structure of the universe, which he measured with his compass, the virtues of plants, and the conformation of animals; but above all, he studied himself; and exerted his high-

est application to adorn his soul with virtue. thus fortune, by attempting to depress him, had exalted him to true glory, which is that of wisdom.

While he lived happy without riches in his retreat, he one day perceived upon the sea-shore a venerable old man, who was to him unknown; it was a stranger, who had just landed on the island. this ancient person admired the banks of the sea, where he knew the isle had been formerly floating; he considered that coast, where arose, above the sands and rocks, little hills, ever covered with a springing and flowery turf; he could not sufficiently gaze upon the crystal fountains and rapid streams that watered this delightful country; he advanced towards the sacred groves that encompassed the temple of the god; he was amazed to see that verdure, which north-winds never dare to tarnish; and he now examined the temple of a Parian marble, whiter than snow, surrounded by lofty columns of jasper.

Sophronymus was no less attentive to examine the aspect of the old man. his silver beard hung down upon his breast, his wrinkled face had nothing deformed, he was still exempt from the injuries of a decrepit age, his eyes sparkled a sweet vivacity, his person was tall and majestic, but a little bending, and an ivory staff supported him. O stranger, said Sophronymus to him, what seek you in this island, which seems unknown to you? if it is the temple of the god, you see it yon-

der, and I am at your service to conduct you thither, for I fear the gods, and am well apprized what Jupiter requires us to do, for the assistance of strangers. I accept, answered the old man, the offer you make me with so many marks of goodness, and I pray the gods to reward your love for strangers: let us move then towards the temple. by the way he related to Sophronymus the story of his voyage. I am, said he, by name Aristonous, a native of Clazomenae, a city of Ionia, situate on that pleasant coast which runs out into the sea, and seems to meet the isle of Chios, the fortunate country of Homer. I was born of poor, tho' noble parents; my father, named Polystratus, who was already encumbered with a numerous family, would by no means bring me up, but caused me to be exposed by one of his friends at Teos. an old woman of Erythrae, who had some small interest near the place where I was exposed, took me into her house, and nourished me with the milk of goats; but as she had scarcely a subsistence for herself, so soon as I was of age to serve, she sold me to a slave-merchant, who carried me into Lycia; he sold me at Patara to a rich and virtuous person, called Alcinus. this Alcinus took care of my youth; I appeared to him docile, moderate, sincere, affectionate, and diligent, in applying myself to all the honourable things in which any pleased to instruct me; he devoted me to the arts, patronized by Apollo; he caused me to be taught music, the exercises of the bo-

dy, and above all, the art of healing wounds. I soon acquired a considerable reputation in that so necessary art; and Apollo, who inspired me, discovered to me wonderful secrets. Alcinus, who loved me daily more and more, and was over-joyed to see the success of his cares for me, gave me my freedom, and sent me to Damocles, king of Lycaonia, who living amidst delights, loved life, and feared to lose it. this monarch to secure me, loaded me with riches. some years after, Damocles died. his son instigated against me by flatterers, gave me a hearty disgust of all things that have pomp and splendor; I felt, in short, a violent desire to revisit Lycia, where I had so sweetly passed my infant years; I hoped to find Alcinus, who had brought me up, and who was the first author of all my fortune. arriving in that country, I learned that Alcinus was dead, after having lost his means, and suffered with much constancy the misfortunes of his old age. I went and sprinkled flowers and tears upon his ashes; I put an honourable inscription on his tomb, and enquired what was become of his children. I was told, that the only one surviving, named Orchilochus, unable to bear the thought of appearing without substance in his native country, where his father had lived with so much splendor, had embarked on board a foreign vessel, in order to go and lead an obscure life in some remote island of the sea: my informer added, that this Orchilochus had been cast away shortly after, about the isle

of Carpathus, and that thus there were no longer any remains of the family of my benefactor Alcinus. I immediately conceived thoughts of buying the house where he had dwelt, with the fertile fields which he possessed around it. I was fond to re-visit those spots, which re-called the sweet remembrance of so pleasant an age, and of so good a master; methought I was yet in that bloom of my youthful years, in which I served Alcinus. scarce had I purchased the fee of his estate from his creditors, when I was obliged to go to Clazomenae. my father Polystratus, and my mother Phidila were dead, and I had several brothers who lived in no great harmony together: as soon as I reached Clazomenae, I presented myself to them, in an humble dress, like a man destitute of substance, shewing them the tokens with which you know care is taken to expose children. they were astonished to see thus augmented the number of Polystratus's heirs, who were to partake his small succession; they would needs even controvert my birth, and refused before the judges to acknowledge me. whereupon, to punish their inhumanity, I declared that I consented to be as an alien amongst them; and I demanded that they should be excluded for ever from being my heirs. the judges ordained it to be so; and then I shewed the riches I had brought along with me in my ship; I discovered to them that I was that Aristonous, who had acquired so much treasure in the service of Damocles, king of Ly-

caonia, and that I was never married. my brothers now repented their having treated me so unjustly, and thro' the desire of being enabled to become one day my heirs, they used their utmost endeavours, but all to no purpose, to insinuate themselves into my favour. their divisions occasioned our father's effects to be sold; I bought them, and they had the mortification to see our father's whole estate devolve into the hands of him, to whom they had not been willing to allow the smallest share of it. thus they fell all into a dismal poverty; but after they had come to a sufficient sense of their fault, I was willing to give them some proof of my good-nature: I forgave them, I received them into my house, I gave each of them wherewithal to make his fortune by trading at sea, I re-united them all; they and their children dwelt together peaceably with me, I became the common father of all those different families; by their union and industry they quickly made considerable fortunes. in the mean time, age, as you see, is come to knock at my door, it hath whitened my hairs, and wrinkled my face, it admonisheth me, that I shall not long enjoy so perfect a prosperity. before I die, I had a mind to pay one last visit to that land which is so dear to me, and which touches me more nearly than my native country itself, that Lycia, where I learned to be good and wise, under the tuition of the virtuous Alcinus. as I was repassing thither, I met with a merchant, belonging to one of the Cyclad islands, who

assured me, that there still remained at Delos, a son of Orchilochus, who imitated the wisdom and virtue of his grand-father Alcinus. instantly I quitted the rout of Lycia, and hasted to come to find out, under the auspices of Apollo, in this his island, that precious remnant of a family, to which I owe my all. I have now but short while to live; the fatal sister, an enemy to that sweet repose, which the gods so seldom grant to mortals, will speedily cut the thread of my days; but I shall be content to die, provided my eyes, before they close upon the light, may have been blessed with a sight of my master's grand-son. speak now, O you, who dwell in this island with him, do you know him? can you tell me where I shall find him? if you bring me to see him, may the gods in return grant you to see, between your knees, your childrens children to the fifth generation; may the gods preserve all your house in peace and plenty, as the fruit of your virtue. while Aristonous spoke thus, Sophronymus burst into tears of joy and grief: at length, without having power to speak, he threw himself upon the old man's neck, he embraces, he hugs him, and, after a great while, mutters, with difficulty, these words, interrupted with broken sighs.

I am, O my father, the person whom you seek! you see Sophronymus, the grand-son of your friend Alcinus. 'tis I; and I cannot doubt, after hearing you, but the gods have sent you hither to mitigate my woes.

gratitude, which seemed lost upon earth, is found again in you alone. I have heard, when a child, that a famous rich man, settled in Lycaonia, had been brought up at my grand-father's; but as Orchilochus, my father, who died young, left me in the cradle, I have known those things but confusedly, nor have I ventured to go into Lycaonia upon an uncertainty, and I chose rather to remain in this island, comforting myself under my misfortunes, by the contempt of vain riches, and by the pleasing employment of cultivating the muses, in the sacred house of Apollo. wisdom, which accustoms men to be calm and content with little, hath hitherto supplied to me the place of all other enjoyments.

In finishing these words, Sophronymus finding himself arrived at the temple, proposed to Aristonous there to make his prayer and offerings: they offered to the god a sacrifice of two sheep, whiter than snow, and of a bull, that had a crescent upon the forehead, between the horns; afterwards they sung verses in honor of the god who enlightens the universe, who rules the seasons, who presides over the sciences, and animates the choir of the nine muses. upon going out of the temple, Sophronymus and Aristonous spent the rest of the day in relating their adventures to each other. Sophronymus received into his house the venerable stranger, with all the tenderness and respect he would have shewn to Alcinus himself, had he been yet alive. next morning they departed together, and set sail for Lycia.

Aristonous carried Sophronymus into a fertile country, on the side of the river Xanthus, into whose waters, Apollo, at his return from the chase, all over dust, hath so oft plunged himself, and washed his flaxen hair: they found along that river, poplars, and willows, whereof the tender and springing verdure concealed the nests of an infinite number of birds, which warbled night and day; the river tumbling from a rock, with much noise and foam, broke its waves in a canal, bottomed with flinty pebbles; all the plain was covered with golden crops; the hills, that rose into an amphitheatre, were loaded with vines and fruit-trees; there all nature was smiling and lovely, the heaven was soft and serene, and the earth ever ready to bring forth from her bosom new riches, to reward the pains of the husbandman. advancing along the river side, Sophronymus perceived an house, plain and moderate, but of an agreeable architecture, with just proportions: he there found neither marble, nor gold, nor silver, nor ivory, nor furniture of purple; every thing in it was neat, and full of propriety and conveniency, without magnificence; a fountain played in the middle of the court, and formed a little canal along a verdant carpet; the gardens were by no means large, but there were to be seen the fruits and plants useful for the food of men. on the two sides of the garden appeared two groves, whose trees were almost as ancient as the earth their mother, and whose thick-woven branches

made a shade, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. they entered into an hall, where they made a sweet repast of the dainties which nature furnished in the gardens; nor was ought to be seen there of what the delicacy of men goes so far to seek, and pays so dear for in cities. there was milk, as sweet as that which Apollo vouchsafed to milk, while shepherd to king Admetus; there was honey, more exquisite than that of the bees of Hybla in Sicily, or of mount Hymettus in Attica; there were garden-herbs, and fresh-gathered fruits; a wine, more delicious than nectar, flowed out of large vases, into cups curiously carved. during this frugal, but comfortable and quiet repast, Aristonous would by no means sit down at table; at first, he did what he could, under various pretexts, to conceal his modesty, but at last, when Sophronymus insisted upon it, he declared, that he would never be prevailed upon to eat with the grand-son of Alcinus, at whose back he so long had waited in the same hall: there, said he to him, that wise old man had wont to eat; there would he converse with his friends; there would he play at different games; here would he walk, reading Hesiod, or Homer; here did he repose himself in the night. upon recalling of these circumstances his heart melted, and tears trickled from his eyes. after the repast, he carried Sophronymus to see the beautiful meadow, where his lowing herds strayed by the river side; then they espied the flocks of sheep, returning from

their rich pastures; the bleating dams, with distended udders, were followed by their little skipping lambs: every where were to be seen the busy workmen, who loved labour for the interest of their gentle and humane master, who made himself beloved by them, and alleviated to them the hardships of slavery.

Aristonous having shewn Sophronymus this house, these slaves, these herds and flocks, and these lands, become so fertile thro' a careful cultivation, addressed him in the following terms: I am overjoyed to see you in the ancient patrimony of your ancestors; I have now my heart's desire, since I put you in possession of the place where I so long served Alcinus: enjoy in peace what was his; live happy, and, by your vigilance, secure to yourself afar off, an end more comfortable than his: at the same time, he makes over to him the estate, with all the forms prescribed by law; and declares, that he precludes his natural heirs from his succession, if ever they prove so ungrateful as to controvert the donation he hath made to the grandson of Alcinus, his benefactor. but this is not enough to satisfy the heart of Aristonous; before he gives him his house, he adorns it compleatly with new furniture, plain and decent indeed, but neat and genteel; he fills the granaries with the rich presents of Ceres, and the cellar with a wine of Chios, worthy to be served by the hand of Hebe or Ganymede, to the table of the great Jove; he lays in also Parmenian wine, with an abun-

dant provision of honey of Hymettus and Hybla, and of Attican oil, almost as sweet as the honey itself. lastly, to these he adds, fleeces innumerable of a fine wool, white as snow, rich spoils of the tender ewes, which grazed upon the mountains of Arcadia, and in the rich pastures of Sicily. in this condition does he give his house to Sophronymus; he gives him also fifty Euboic talents, and reserves to his kindred what fortune he possesses in the peninsula of Clazomenae, about Smyrna, Lebedos, and Colophon, which was very considerable. the donation made, Aristonous re-imbarks, in order to return into Ionia. Sophronymus astonished, and deeply affected with so magnificent benefits, accompanies him to the ship, with tears in his eyes, calling him always father, and hugging him in his arms. Aristonous arrived quickly at home, by a happy voyage; nor did any of his relations dare to complain of what he had given to Sophronymus. I have left, said he to them, as my last will, an order, that all my effects shall be sold, and distributed to the poor of Ionia, if ever any one of you pretend to controvert the gift I have made to the grand-son of Alcinus. the wise old man lived in peace, and enjoyed the substance the gods had granted to his virtue. every year, notwithstanding his age, he made a voyage into Lycia to re-visit Sophronymus, and to go and offer a sacrifice upon Alcinus's tomb, which he had enriched with the noblest ornaments of architecture and

sculpture. he had given orders that his own ashes, after his death, should be carried into the same tomb, that so they might repose with those of his dear master. each returning spring, Sophronymus, impatient for the annual visit, had his eyes continually turned towards the shore, in order, as soon as possible, to descry the ship of Aristonous, which duly arrived at that season. every year had he the pleasure of seeing from afar that ship, which was so dear to him, skimming the briny waves; and the coming of that ship was to him infinitely more pleasing than all the graces of nature reviving in the spring, after the rigours of the severest winter.

One year he looked, and looked again, but no appearance of the longed-for vessel; he sighed bitterly, sadness and fear were painted on his countenance, sweet sleep fled far from his eyes, the most exquisite meats no longer seemed pleasant to him; he was restless, alarmed at the smallest noise, ever turning towards the port; he was asking every moment, if none had seen any vessel coming from Ionia. he spied one, but alas! no Aristonous was there, it carried only his ashes in a silver urn. Amphicles, an ancient friend of the deceased, and much about the same age, the faithful executor of his last will, was bringing, with a heavy heart, this urn. when he accosted Sophronymus, speech failed both, and they expressed themselves only by mutual sobs: Sophronymus having kissed the urn, and watered it

with his tears, at length broke silence thus: Oh! my dear old man, you constituted the happiness of my life, and you now cause me the cruellest of all afflictions; I shall never see you more; death were delightful to me, did it bring me to see you, and to attend you into the Elysian fields, where your shade enjoys the blissful peace, which the just gods reserve for virtue; you revived, in our days, justice, piety, and gratitude, upon earth; you shewed, in an age of iron, the goodness and innocence of the age of gold; the gods before they crowned you in the mansion of the just, granted you here below an happy, agreeable, and long life: but alas! what should have lasted for ever is never long enough. I feel no more any pleasure in enjoying your gifts, since I am reduced to enjoy them without you. O dear shade! when shall I follow you? precious ashes, if yet you ought can feel, you will doubtless taste the pleasure of mingling with those of Alcinus; mine shall also join them one day; in the mean time, all my consolation shall be to preserve those remains of what I most beloved. O Aristonous! Aristonous! no, you shall not die, you shall live always in the inmost recesses of my heart: sooner shall I forget myself, than ever forget that man, who so much loved me, who so much loved virtue, to whom I owed my all.

After these words, interrupted with deep sighs, Sophronymus placed the urn in the tomb of Alcinus; he immolated several victims, whose blood overflowed

the altars of turf, that furrounded the tomb; he poured copious libations of wine and milk; he burned perfumes, brought from the farthest east, and an odoriferous cloud arose in the midst of the air. Sophronymus instituted funeral games, to be celebrated yearly at the same season, in honour of Alcimus and Aristonous. thither they came from the happy and fertile Caria, from the enchanted banks of Meander, which plays in so many windings, and seems reluctantly to quit the country which it waters; from the ever-green banks of Cayster, from the borders of Pactolus, which rolls a golden sand beneath its waves; from Pamphilia, which Ceres, Pomona, and Flora, strive emulous to adorn; in fine, from the wide extended plains of Cilicia, garden-like, watered by the torrents which fall from Taurus's top, white with everlasting snows. during this so solemn feast, the young men and maidens clothed in trailing robes of finest lawn, whiter than the lilly, chanted hymns to the praise of Alcimus and Aristonous; for there was no praising of the one, without praising also the other, nor parting of two persons so closely united, even after their dissolution.

What is most marvellous was, that upon the very first day, while Sophronymus was making the libations of wine and milk, a myrtle, of an exquisite verdure and odour, sprung up in the middle of the tomb, and reared, at once, its tufted head, to cover the two urns with its branches and shadow. every one cried,

that Aristonous, in reward of his virtue, had been changed into that beautiful tree. Sophronymus took care to water it himself, and to honour it as a divinity. that tree, far from growing old, renews itself every ten years; and the gods have been pleased to shew, by this wonder, that the virtue, which casts so sweet a perfume upon the memory of men, can never, never die.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MELESICHTHON.

FABLE II.

Melesichthon, born at Megara, of an illustrious race among the Greeks, made it the whole study of his youth, to imitate in war the examples of his ancestors. he signalized his valour and talents in several expeditions; and as all his inclinations were to magnificence, he there made so sumptuous a figure, that he quickly run out his fortune; he was forced to retire to a country-house, upon the sea side, where he lived in a profound solitude, with his wife Proxinoe. she had wit, courage, and spirit; her beauty and birth had made her courted by matches, much richer than Melesichthon; but him she had preferred to all others, solely for his merit. these two persons, whose virtue and affection, had made them naturally happy for a course of several years, began now to render themselves mutually unhappy, by the sympathy they had with each other. Melesichthon would have more easily supported his misfortunes, could he have suffered them alone, and without a person who was so dear to him. Proxinoe was sensible that she increased the

pains of Melesichthon: they strove to comfort themselves by two children, who seemed to have been formed by the Graces; the son was named Melibeus, and the daughter Poemenis. Melibeus, in a tender age, begun already to discover strength, address, and courage; at wrestling, running, and the other exercises, he out-did the children of the neighbourhood; he would plunge into the forests, nor were his arrows less sure than those of Apollo; he followed that god still more in the sciences and liberal arts, than in the exercises of the body. Melesichthon, in his retirement, taught him whatever can improve or adorn the mind, whatever can make virtue beloved, or regulate the manners. Melibeus had a simple, mild, and ingenuous air, but noble, resolute, and bold: his father would cast his eyes upon him, and his eyes would drown themselves in tears. Poemenis was instructed by her mother in all the curious arts which Minerva hath given to men; she added to the most exquisite handy-works, the charms of a voice, which she joined to a lyre, more moving than that of Orpheus; to behold her, one would have thought it was young Diana, just come forth from her native floating island; her flaxen tresses were negligently tied behind, some that had escaped, waved upon her neck in the wind; she had but a light garment, which a girdle tucked a little up, in order to be the fitter for action: without the foreign aid of ornament, she eclipsed the most beau-

tiful objects, and yet she knew it not; she had even never dreamed of beholding herself in a fountain; she saw none but her own family, and thought of nothing but her work. but the father, overwhelmed with cares, and finding his affairs irretrievable, sought nothing but solitude: his wife and children were his constant rack; he would often walk along the shore to the foot of a huge rock, full of wild caves; there would he deplore his misfortunes, and then often enter into a deep-winding vale, which a thick wood hid from the rays of the sun, in all his meridian power: he would sit down upon the turf, which bordered a crystal fountain, and all the melancholy thoughts would return in crouds into his mind; refreshing sleep was far from his eyes, he no longer spoke but in moans, old-age came before the time, to wither and wrinkle his face; he forgot even all the wants of life, and sunk down under his affliction.

One day as he was in this deep valley, he fell asleep through weariness and waste of spirits: then he saw in a dream, the goddess Ceres, crowned with gilded ears of corn, presenting herself to him with a kind and majestic countenance. wherefore, said she to him, calling him by his name, do you suffer yourself to be depressed by the rigours of fortune? alas! answered he, my friends have forsaken me, I have no longer any substance, nothing remains to me, but creditors, and law-suits; my birth crowns my misfortune; I cannot bear the thought

of working like a slave, in order to earn my living.

Then Ceres replied: doth nobility consist in possessions? doth it not rather consist in imitating the virtue of one's ancestors? there are none noble but such as are just. live upon little; earn that little by your labour; be a burden to no body; and you will be the noblest of men. mankind render themselves miserable by softness and false glory. if necessaries are wanting to you, why would you owe them to any others than yourself? do you want courage to give them to yourself, by a laborious life?

She said; and forthwith presented to him a golden plough, with an horn of plenty. then Bacchus appeared, crowned with ivy, and holding a thyrsus in his hand, he was followed by Pan, who played upon the flute, and made Fauns and Satyrs dance around. Pomona next made her appearance, loaded with fruits, and Flora bedecked with the liveliest and most fragrant flowers; all the rural deities cast a favourable eye upon Melesichthon.

He awoke, conceiving the force and meaning of this divine dream; he felt himself cheered and full of taste for all the labours of a country life. he disclosed the dream to Proxinoe, who entered into all his sentiments. the very next day they dismissed all their useless servants; no longer was to be seen about them any domestics, whose sole employment was the service of their persons; they had now neither chariot,

nor charioteer : Proxinoe with Poemenis spun as they tended their sheep ; afterwards they made their webs and stuffs ; then they cut and sewed their own cloaths, and those of the rest of their family : in place of the works of silk, gold, and silver, which they had wont to make with the exquisite art of Minerva, they now exercised their fingers only at the spindle, or such like humble toils ; they prepared with their own hands, the herbs which they gathered in their garden, for the food of the whole house ; the milk of their flock, which they went and milked themselves, completed their plentiful chear ; they bought nothing, all was prepared with propriety and ease : every thing was good, simple, natural, seasoned by appetite, inseparable from sobriety and labour.

In this rural life, every thing about them was clean and neat ; all the tapestry was sold, but the walls of the house were white, nor was ought to be seen any where slovenly, or out of order ; the furniture was never covered with dust ; the beds were of stuffs, coarse, but decent ; the very kitchen had a neatness, not to be found in great houses, every thing there was finely disposed and shining. to regale the family on holidays, Proxinoe would bake delicious cakes ; she had bees, whose honey was sweeter than that which flowed from the trunks of hollow oaks, during the golden age. the cows came of themselves to offer floods of milk ; that laborious housewife had in her garden all the

plants useful for the food of man, in each season, and was always the first to have the fruits and herbs in their respective times; she had even a great many flowers, whereof she sold a part, after having employed the other in the adorning of her house. the daughter seconded the mother, and tasted no other pleasure than that of singing while she worked, or tended her flocks in the pastures; no other flock equalled hers, nor contagion, nor wolves durst approach it; as she sung her tender lambkins danced upon the grass, and all the echoes around seemed to take pleasure in repeating her songs.

Melesichthon manured himself his field, himself drove his plough, himself sowed and reaped; he found the toils of agriculture less hard, more innocent, and more useful than those of war. scarce had he mowed the tender grass of his meadows, when he hastened to carry off the gifts of Ceres, which paid him an hundredfold his seed. quickly Bacchus distilled for him, a nectar worthy of the table of the gods; Minerva gave him also the fruit of her tree, which is so useful to man. winter was the season of rest, wherein the whole family assembled, tasted an innocent joy, and thanked the gods for being so disabused of false pleasures. they eat no meat, but in their sacrifices, and their flocks were destined solely for the altars.

Melibeus discovered scarce any of the passions of youth; he tended the larger cattle, he felled great oaks in the forests, he dug little canals to water the

meadows, he was indefatigable in easing his father; his pleasures, when labour was not in season, were hunting, running with young persons of his own age, and reading, of which his father had given him a taste.

In a very little time Melesichthon, by accustoming himself to a simple life, found himself richer than he had been before; he had indeed only the necessaries of life, but he had them all in abundance; he had little or no society, but in his own family; they all loved one another, and rendered themselves mutually happy; they lived far from the palaces of kings, and from the pleasures that are bought so dear; theirs were sweet, innocent, simple, easy to be found, and without any dangerous consequence. thus were Melibeus and Poemenis bred up in the taste of rural toils; they remembred their birth, only in order to have the more courage in supporting poverty. plenty returning into that house, brought back no pride with it; the whole family were still simple and laborious. when every body would be saying to Melesichthon, riches flow again upon you, it is time to reassume your ancient splendor, he would make this answer, whether would you have me attach myself to the pageantry which was my undoing, or to a simple and laborious life, which hath rendered me rich and happy? at length, finding himself one day in that darksome wood, where Ceres had instructed him by so useful a

dream, he laid him down upon the grass, with as much joy as he had had anguish the time before. he fell asleep, and the goddess appearing to him, as in his former dream, bespoke him in these words: true nobility consists in receiving nothing from any, and in doing good to others. receive, therefore, nought but from the fruitful womb of the earth, and from your own labour; beware of ever quitting through softness or vain-glory, what is the natural and inexhaustible source of plenty.

ARISTEUS AND VIRGIL.

F A B L E III.

VIRGIL being come down into the lower regions, entered into the happy plains, where the heroes, and men inspired by the gods, passed a blissful life, on lawns, ever enamelled with flowers; and intersected by a thousand streams.

Straight way the shepherd Aristeus, who was there in the number of the demi-gods, advanced towards him, having learned his name. what joy have I, said he, to see so great a poet: your verses flow more smoothly than the dew upon the tender blade; so sweet their harmony, that they dissolve the heart, and melt the eyes to tears of rapture: you have made some upon me, and my bees, that Homer himself might be jealous of; I owe as much to you as to Sol and Cyrene, the glory I enjoy. it is not yet long since I recited those so tender and delicate verses to Linus, Hesiod, and Homer: after hearing them, they went all three and drank of the water of the river Lethe, in order to forget them, so much were they mortified to revolve in their memory, verses so worthy of them, which they had not made. you know the jealousy of the poet-tribe; come then, and take your place amongst them. it will be but a very sorry one, replied Virgil, since they are so jealous; I shall have but uncomfort-

able hours to pass in their company; I see plainly your bees were not more easily provoked, than the spirit of the poets. it is true, replied Aristeus, they buz like bees; like them, they have a piercing sting, to dart into whatever inflames their wrath. I shall have also, said Virgil, another great man to deal with, and that is the divine Orpheus. how do you live with him? badly enough, answered Aristeus; he is still jealous of his wife, as the other three are of the glory of their verses: but as for you, he will receive you well, as you have treated him honourably, and have spoke much more modestly than Ovid, of his quarrel with the women of Thrace, who butchered him. but tarry we no longer; let us enter into yon sacred grove, watered with so many fountains, clearer than the crystal: you shall see that the whole sacred band will rise to do you honour. do you not hear already Orpheus' lyre? hark! Linus sings the gods and giants fight; Homer prepares to sing Achilles revenging Patroclus' death by that of Hector: but Hesioid is the shade you have most to fear; for by the humour he is of, he will rage that you have dared to treat, with so much elegance, all rural things which were his proper portion. scarce had Aristeus finished these words, when they arrived in that cool shade, where reigns an eternal enthusiasm, which possesses those divine bards. they all rose up; Virgil was made to sit down, and soon was prayed to sing his verses; he sung them, at first, with modesty,

and then with transport ; the most jealous felt, in spite of themselves, a sweetness that ravished them ; Orpheus' lyre, which had enchanted the rocks and woods, dropt out of his hands, and the briny tears trickled from his eyes ; Homer forgot, for a moment, the rapid magnificence of the Iliad, and the pleasing variety of the Odyssey ; Linus thought those beautiful verses had been made by his father Apollo, and he sat motionless, struck, and suspended by the tender melody ; old Hesiod moved, could not withstand the charm. at length, coming a little to himself, he pronounced these words, full of jealousy and indignation : O Virgil, thou hast made verses more lasting than the brass or bronze ! but I foretel thee, that the world shall see one day a boy, who shall translate thy verse into his native tongue, and share with thee the glory then of having sung the bees.

H I S T O R Y
O F
A L I B E G,
THE PERSIAN.

F A B L E IV.

SHAH Abbas, King of Persia, being once upon a progress, rode off from his court, in order to pass through the country incognito, and to see the people in all their native liberty : he took only one of his courtiers with him. I am quite a stranger, said the King to him, to the real manners of men ; whatever approacheth us is disguised ; it is art, and not simple nature, which shews itself to us. I mean to study the country life, and to see that species of men, which is so much despised, altho' they be the true support of all human society. I am weary of seeing courtiers, who watch my every motion, to take advantage of me by flattery ; I must go and see husbandmen and shepherds, who know me not. he passed, with his confident, thro' the midst of several villages, where the peasants were a dancing ; and was ravished to find, far from courts, calm and unexpensive pleasures. he made a meal in a cottage ; and, as he was very hungry after walking more than

ordinary, the homely cheer he met with, seemed to him more pleasant than all the exquisite meats of his table. in passing through a flowery meadow, which bordered a crystal stream, he spied a youthful shepherd playing upon the pipe, in the shade of a lofty elm, his sheep feeding pleasantly by. he makes up, and examines him; he finds his physiognomy agreeable, his air simple and ingenuous, but noble and graceful; the rags wherewith the swain was clothed, did not at all diminish the lustre of his beauty. the king thought at first that this was some person of illustrious birth in disguise; but he was informed by the youth, that his father and mother were in a neighbouring village, and that his name was Alibeg. the more the King questioned him, the more he admired his solidity and understanding. his eyes were quick, but had nothing fiery or wild; his voice was sweet, engaging, and affecting; his countenance had nothing coarse, but it was not a soft and effeminate beauty. the shepherd, about sixteen, had no notion of his being such as he appeared to others; he imagined that he thought, that he spoke, that he was made like the other swains of his village; but, without education, he had learned all that reason teaches those who give ear to her. the King, after some familiar conversation, was charmed with him; he learned from him every thing about the state of the people, which Kings never hear from the croud of flatterers that surround them; he would now and then

smile at the native simplicity of the lad, who was perfectly free in his answers: it was no small novelty to the King to hear any talk so naturally: he made a sign to his attendant not to discover that he was the King; for he feared lest Alibeg should lose, in a moment, all his freedom and grace, did he come to know before whom he spoke. I see plainly, said the Prince to the courtier, that nature is no less beautiful in the lowest, than in the highest conditions. never did King's child appear better born, than this boy who keeps sheep; too happy should I think myself to have a son as handsome, as sensible, and as amiable; he seems to me fit for any thing, and, if care is taken to instruct him, this will surely one day be a great man. I am resolved to have him educated under my own eye. the King carried off Alibeg, who was not a little surprised to understand to whom he had made himself agreeable. he was taught to read, to write, to sing, and afterwards masters were given him for the arts and sciences which adorn the mind. at first, he was a little dazzled with the splendor of the court; and his great change of fortune made some small change on his heart; his youth, and share of favour joined together, somewhat altered his wisdom and moderation; instead of his crook, pipe, and shepherd's humble garment, he put on a purple robe, embroidered with gold, and a turban, covered with precious stones; his beauty eclipsed all that the court could boast of as most agree-

able; he rendered himself capable of the most serious affairs, and merited the confidence of his master, who knowing Alibeg's exquisite taste in whatever belonged to the magnificence of a palace, bestowed on him at length a charge very considerable in Persia, which is that of keeping all the Prince's jewels and valuable furniture.

During the whole life of the great Shah Abbas, Alibeg continued to grow in favour. as he advanced to riper years, he at length remembred his ancient condition, and often would he regret it. O glorious days! would he say to himself, innocent days, days wherein I tasted pure, and unindangered joys; days, since which I have seen none so pleasant; shall I never see you again? he, who deprived me of you, by giving me so great riches, hath robbed me of my all. he would needs go and re-visit his village. he was sensibly affected in all the places where he had formerly danced, sung, and blown the pipe with his companions: he made some settlement upon all his relations and friends; but he recommended it to them, as they valued their happiness, never to quit the rural life, nor expose themselves to the misfortunes of a court.

These misfortunes he experienced after the death of his good master Shah Abbas, who was succeeded by his son Shah Sephi. some courtiers, full of envy and artifice, found means to prepossess him against Alibeg. he hath abused, said they, the late King's confidence;

he hath amassed immense treasures, and imbezeled many things of the highest value, which were committed to his charge. Shah Sephi was at once young, and a prince; this was more than sufficient to make him credulous, indolent, and inconsiderate; he had the vanity to pretend to reform what his father had done, and to judge better than he. in order to have a pretext to dispossess Alibeg of his office, he desired him, by the advice of his envious courtiers, to fetch him a scimitar, set with diamonds of an immense value, which the King, his grand-father, had wont to wear in battle. Shah Abbas had formerly caused all those fine diamonds to be taken off from that scimitar; and Alibeg, proved, by unexceptionable witnesses, that the thing had been done by the late King's order, before the office had been given him. when Alibeg's enemies saw that they could no longer avail themselves of this pretence to destroy him, they advised Shah Sephi to command him to make out, within the space of fifteen days, an exact inventory of all the precious moveables with which he was entrusted. at the end of fifteen days he desired to see all the things himself. Alibeg opened all the doors to him, and shewed him every thing he had in his custody; nothing was wanting, all was neat, properly disposed, and preserved with the greatest care. the King, astonished to find every where so much order and exactness, had almost received Alibeg again into favour, when he spied at

at the end of a great gallery, full of very costly furniture, an iron door, which had three great locks. it is there, whispered the jealous courtiers, Alibeg has hid all the precious things he has robbed you of. immediately the King in rage, cried out, I want to see what is within that door; what have you put there? shew me instantly. at these words Alibeg threw himself on his knees, conjuring him in the name of God, not to take from him what he held most precious upon earth. it is not just, said he, that I should lose, in a moment, my only remnant, my sole refuge, after having toiled so many years in the service of the King, your father: take from me, if you please, all the rest, but leave me only this. the King made not the smallest doubt but this was some ill-got treasure, which Alibeg had amassed, he assumed therefore an higher tone, and insisted absolutely that the door should be opened. at last Alibeg, who had the keys, opened it himself. nothing was there found in that repository but the crook, the pipe, and shepherd's garment, which Alibeg had formerly worn, and which he oft re-visited with joy, for fear of forgetting his primitive condition. behold, said he, O great King, the precious remnants of my ancient happiness; neither fortune, nor your power, hath been able to take them from me; behold my treasure which I keep to enrich myself, when you shall have made me poor; take back all the rest, but leave me these dear pledges of my first estate; these are true pos-

essions, which will never fail me; these are the simple, innocent possessions, ever comfortable to such as can be content with the necessary, and torment not themselves about the superfluous; these are the possessions whereof liberty and safety are the fruits; these are the possessions which never have given me one moment's uneasiness; O dear instruments of a simple and happy life! I love nought but you; with you I wish to live and die; why should other deceitful goods have come to beguile me, and to disturb the repose of my life? I restore to you, great King, all those riches which accrue to me from your liberality; I keep only what I had, when the King your father came, by his favours, to make me unhappy.

The King hearing these words, and perceiving the innocence of Alibeg, was filled with indignation against the courtiers, who had aimed at his destruction, and banished them for ever from his presence. Alibeg became his principal officer, and was intrusted with the most secret affairs. but daily did he re-visit his crook, his pipe, and ancient raiment, which he held always ready in his treasure, in order to re-assume them, whenever inconstant fortune should interrupt his favour. he died in an extreme old age, without having ever desired either to punish his enemies, or to amass an estate; and leaving his relations only where-withal to live in the station of shepherds, which he thought always the safest and happiest.

H I S T O R Y
O F
R O S I M U N D
A N D
B R A M I N T H.

F A B L E V.

THERE was a young man, more beauteous than the day, named Rosimund, and who had as much wit and virtue, as his elder brother Braminth was homely, disagreeable, brutal, and wicked. their mother, who abhorred her eldest son, made the younger the darling of her eyes. Braminth, stung with jealousy and envy, devised an horrid calumny to destroy his brother. he told his father that Rosimund made a practice of going to a neighbour's, who was his mortal enemy, to report to him whatever passed at home, and to furnish him with the means of poisoning his father. the father, in a violent passion, beat his son cruelly, laid him weltering in blood, then confined him three days without sustenance, and, last of all, turned him out of his house, threatening him with

death if he ever returned. the mother, frightened out of her wits, durst not say a word, nor vent her anguish, but in moanful sighs. the lad went crying away; and not knowing whither to retreat, straggled, towards evening, into a great wood. night overtook him at the foot of a rock; he laid him down at a cave's mouth, upon a mossy carpet, where glided a limpid stream, and there, thro' weariness, he fell asleep.

Waking at break of day, he beheld a beautiful woman, mounted on a grey palfrey, with furniture of gold embroidery, who appeared to be going to the chace. have you not seen, said she to him, a stag and dogs pass this way? he answered, no. methinks you are in distress, said the huntress; what is the matter with you? be comforted, young man, and take this ring, which will render you the happiest and most powerful of men, provided you never abuse it: when you turn the diamond inward, you will instantly become invisible; whenever you turn it outward, you shall appear plainly; when you put the ring on your little finger, you shall seem the King's son, attended by a magnificent court; when you clap it on your ring finger, you shall appear in your own likeness. the youth now understood that it was a fairy who thus spoke to him, which she had no sooner done, than she plunged into the woods. as for him, he straightway returned home to his father's, impatient to make trial of his ring. he saw and heard undiscovered whatever

he pleased; he had it now in his power to revenge himself of his brother, without being exposed to any danger; he shewed himself only to his mother, embraced her, and told her all his wonderful adventure. afterwards, clapping the enchanted ring on his little finger, he appeared, all of a sudden, like the Prince royal, with an hundred fine caparisoned horses, and a great number of officers, in rich array, his father was not a little astonished to see the King's son in his humble habitation; he was quite confounded, and at a loss how to pay him due respect. then Rosimund asked him, how many sons he had? two, replied the father. I want to see them; call them presently, said the pretended prince: I mean to carry them both to court, in order to make their fortune. the father, in a panic, answered with a faltering voice, behold the eldest, whom I here present to you. where pray is the younger, I must have him too, said Rosimund. he is not here, replied the father; I had chastised him for a fault, and he has run away from me. then Rosimund said to him, you should have instructed him, but not driven him from your house: give me, however, the elder; let him follow me, and do you, said he, speaking to the father, go along with two guards, who will conduct you to the place I shall appoint. straightway two guards carried off the father; and the fairy above-mentioned, meeting him in a forest, smote him with a golden wand, and made him enter into a dark and

deep cavern, where he remained enchanted. abide there, said she, till your son come and fetch you out. in the mean while the son went to the King's court, at a time when the young Prince had embarked, in order to make war in a distant island, he had been driven by the winds upon unknown coasts, where after shipwreck, he remained captive with a savage people. Rosimund appeared at court as if he had been the Prince, whose loss was universally lamented. he said he had got safe home by the help of some merchants, without whom he should certainly have perished. the public mourning now was turned to joy. the King appeared so transported that he could not speak, but long did he embrace, and longer would have embraced that son he had imagined dead. the Queen was, if possible, still more affected. the greatest rejoicings were made throughout the whole kingdom.

One day he who passed for the Prince, said to his true brother Braminth, you see I have brought you out of your village in order to make your fortune; but I know that you are a liar, and that you have by your calumnies, occasioned the misfortune of your brother Rosimund; he is here concealed; I will have you to speak to him, and he shall confront you. Braminth trembling, threw himself at his feet, and confessed his fault. no matter, said Rosimund, I will have you to speak to your brother, and to ask him pardon; he will be very generous if he forgive you; you

do not deserve it; he is in my closet, where you shall see him presently; in the mean time, I will go into the next apartment, to leave you more at liberty with him. Braminth made obeisance, and went towards the closet: instantly Rosimund shifted his ring, passed thro' the adjoining room, and entered by a back-door in his natural shape, in which Braminth was not a little abashed to see him. he asked his pardon, and promised reparation of all his faults. Rosimund embraced him with tears, forgave him, and said to him, I am in high favour with the Prince; it is in my power to have you put to death, or to confine you for life in a dungeon; but I will be as indulgent to you as you have been cruel to me. Braminth, ashamed and confounded, answered with great submission, not daring to lift up his eyes, nor to call him brother. Soon after this interview, Rosimund pretended to make a secret expedition, in order to espouse a Princess of a neighbouring kingdom; but under this pretext he went to see his mother, to whom he related all he had done at court, and gave her in her need some small supply of money; for the King allowed him to take whatever he had a mind, but he never abused that indulgence. mean while there broke out a furious war between the King and a neighbouring monarch, who regarded neither faith, nor justice. Rosimund repaired to the hostile King's court, and by means of his ring got into all the secret counsels of that Prince, remaining all

the while invisible: he improved all he learned of the enemy's measures, towards preventing and disconcerting him; he commanded the army against him; he intirely defeated him in a bloody battle, and quickly concluded with him an honourable peace, upon equitable conditions.

The King now turned his thoughts wholly upon marrying his son to a Princess, who was heirefs of a neighbouring kingdom, and fairer than the Graces themselves. but one day as Rosimund was gone a hunting in the same forest, where he had formerly met the fairy, she presented herself to him. beware, said she, with an awful voice, of marrying as though you were the Prince; you must deceive no body; it is but just that the Prince, for whom you are taken, return, and succeed to the King his father. go, therefore, without delay, and seek him out in an island, whither the winds, which I shall send to swell your sails, shall, without difficulty, waft you. haste to render this service to your master, however contrary to what might flatter your ambition, and think of returning, like an honest man, to your native station; if you do it not, you will be unjust and unhappy, and I will abandon you to your antient woes. Rosimund made no hesitation to improve the wise advice. upon pretence of undertaking a secret negotiation in a neighbouring state, he embarked on board a ship, and the winds bore him presently to the island, where the fairy had

told him the King's true son was. this Prince, still captive with the savage people, was employed in keeping sheep. Rosimund invisible, went to the pastures where he tended his flock, and covered him with his own cloak, which was invisible as himself, he delivered him out of the hands of the cruel people. they embarked together, and other winds, obedient to the fairy, waisted them back: they arrived together in the King's apartment. Rosimund presented himself to him, and said, you have believed me your son; I am not, but here I restore him to you; behold your son himself. the King, greatly astonished, addressed himself to his son, saying; is it not you, my son, who have vanquished my enemies, and gloriously struck the peace: or is it true that you suffered shipwreck, that you have been a captive, and that Rosimund hath delivered you? even so, my father, replied the Prince; it is he who came over into the country, where I was a captive, and brought me safe away; to him I owe my liberty, and the pleasure of seeing you again; to him, not me; are you indebted for victory and peace. the King could not believe what was told him; but Rosimund shifting his ring, shewed himself to the King in the likeness of the Prince; and the King, in terror and amaze, saw at once two persons, each seemingly his son.

The King at last fully satisfied, offered immense sums to Rosimund for so many services, but he mo-

deftly refused them, and requested only of the King the favour to continue his brother Braminth in a place he held at court; as for himself, he feared the inconstancy of fortune, the envy of men, and his own frailty. he chose, therefore, to retire to his village with his mother, where he chearfully returned to the plough.

The fairy, whom he saw again in the woods, shewed him the cavern where his father was, and told him the words he must pronounce, in order to set him free. those words he pronounced with a very sensible joy; he delivered his father, which he had long been impatient to do, and gave him wherewithal to pass his old age comfortably. thus Rosimund was a benefactor to his whole family, and had the pleasure of doing good to all those who had meant to do him evil. after having done so much for the court, he desired nothing of it, but the liberty of living far from its corruption. to crown his wisdom, he feared lest his ring should tempt him to leave his solitude, and re-engage him in public affairs: under this apprehension, he returned into the wood, where the fairy had appeared to him so favourably; he took daily walks by the cavern, where he had had the happiness of seeing her heretofore: and this he did, in hopes to see her again. at length she presented herself to him, and he gave her back the enchanted ring. I return to you, said he, a gift, as dangerous as it is valuable, a gift so easy to be abused; I shall not think myself in safety, so long as I possess

such a temptation to quit my solitude, with so many means to gratify all my passions.

While Rosimund was returning the ring, Braminth, whose wicked disposition was no ways corrected, gave himself up to all his passions, and would needs engage the young Prince, who was become King, to use Rosimund unworthily. the fairy, knowing his practices, told Rosimund; your brother, still a lying incendiary, has been endeavouring to render you suspected to the new King, and to work your ruin; he deserves to be punished, and he must needs perish: I will go and give him this ring which you return to me. Rosimund bewailed his brother's fate, and then said to the fairy; how do you mean to punish him by so wonderful a present? he will abuse it to the persecuting of all the good, and to the attaining of a boundless power. the same things, replied the fairy, are a blessing to some, and a curse to others; prosperity is the source of all evils to the wicked; the effectual way to punish a villain is to render him very powerful, which will make him run headlong to destruction.

She then set out for the palace, where she shewed herself to Braminth, in the shape of an old woman, cloathed in rags: she told him, I have recovered out of your brother's hands, the ring which I had lent him, and wherewithal he had acquired so much glory; here, receive it from me, and take heed what use you shall make of it. Braminth replied, with a smile; I

shall not do like my brother, who was foolish enough to go in quest of the Prince, when he might have reigned in his place.

Braminth, now master of the ring, made it his whole business to discover the secrets of all families, to commit treacheries, murders, villainies; to overhear the King's counsels, and to defraud private persons of their property. his invisible crimes astonished every body. the King perceiving so many secrets discovered, was at a loss to what to ascribe this inconvenience; but the boundless prosperity, and excessive insolence of Braminth, made him suspect that he had got his brother's enchanted ring. in order to detect him, he employed a foreigner of an hostile nation, and gave him a great sum of money to work withal. this man came to Braminth by night, and offered him on the part of the adverse King, immense riches and honours; if he would let him know, by proper spies, whatever he could learn of his royal master's secrets.

Braminth readily promised every thing, and had himself even carried to a certain place, where a very large sum was advanced him, as an earnest of his reward. in his inebriation of joy, he boasted of having a ring that rendered him invisible. next morning the King sent for him, and ordered him to be seized and searched; the ring was taken from him, and papers were found upon him, which sufficiently proved his crimes. Rosimund came to court to intercede for his

brother's pardon, but it was refused him. Braminth was put to death; and so the ring proved more fatal to him, than it had been useful to his brother.

The King to comfort Rosimund for the just punishment of Braminth, restored to him the ring, as the most inestimable present he could make him. the afflicted Rosimund judged not so; but halted back to the woods in quest of the fairy. here, said he, take your ring; my brother's sad experience hath fully explained to me what I did not so clearly comprehend at first when you told it me; keep that fatal instrument of my brother's ruin; alas! he had been yet alive; he would not have brought the grey hairs of my father and mother with shame and sorrow to the grave; he might, perhaps, have become wife and happy, had he never had wherewithal to gratify his desires! Oh! how dangerous a thing it is to have more power than other men! take back your ring; wo to those upon whom you shall bestow it; the only favour I request of you is, never to give it any person in whom I am concerned.

THE
HISTORY
OF
FLORIDA.

FABLE VI.

A Country-woman chancing to be acquainted with a neighbouring fairy, invited her to one of her in-layings, at which she had a daughter, the fairy took the child into her arms as soon as it was born, and said to the mother, take your choice; your daughter shall be, if you will, beauteous as the day, of a wit still brighter than her beauty, and Queen of a great kingdom, but unhappy; or else she shall be an homely country-woman like yourself, but contented in her condition. the woman chose instantly for the child beauty and wit, with a crown, at the hazard of any unhappiness. and now behold the little girl, whose beauty begins already to eclipse all that the world ever saw; her temper was soft, polite, and engaging; she learned whatever they pleased to teach her, and soon knew it better than those that taught her; she would dance upon the grass of a holiday, with more grace

than all her companions; her voice was more moving than any instrument of music, and the songs she sung were of her own composition. for some time she did not know that she was beautiful; but playing one day with her companions, by the side of a crystal fountain, she chanced to see herself; she took notice how different she was from the rest; she admired herself; the whole country, who flocked to see her, made her still more conscious of her charms. her mother relying upon the fairy's predictions, looked upon her already as a Queen, and spoiled her by her indulgence: the young woman would neither spin, nor sew, nor tend the sheep; she amused herself in gathering flowers, in decking her head with them, in singing and dancing in the shady groves.

The King of that country was a very powerful Prince, and had an only son named Rosimund, whom he desired to marry. he would never hear of any Princess of the neighbouring kingdoms, a fairy having assured him, that he should find a country maid, more beautiful and more accomplished than all the Princesses in the world. he took a resolution to cause all the country lasses of his kingdom, under eighteen years of age, to be assembled, in order to make choice of the person most worthy to be chosen. there were presently excluded vast numbers of girls, who possessed but an ordinary beauty, and thirty were selected, who infinitely surpassed all the rest. Florisa (such was our

damsel's name) had no difficulty to be put in this number. these thirty maids were ranged in the middle of a great hall, in a kind of amphitheatre, where the King and his son might behold them all at once. Florisa appeared forthwith amidst the rest, what a beautiful anemone would appear amongst marigolds, or what a flourishing orange-tree would appear amidst wild bushes. the King cried out, that she deserved his crown. Rosimund thought himself happy to possess Florisa. her country cloaths were pulled off, and others given her, embroidered all with gold; in an instant she saw herself covered with pearls and diamonds; a great number of ladies were occupied in attending her; their sole study was to divine what might please her, in order to save her the trouble of asking it. she was lodged in a magnificent apartment of the palace, which had, instead of tapestry, large mirrours, of the whole height of the chambers and closets, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the Prince might admire her, which way soever he cast his eyes. Rosimund had quitted the chace, play, and all bodily exercises, in order to be continually with her; and as the King her father had died soon after the marriage, it was the wife Florisa became Queen, whose counsels decided all affairs of state.

The Queen-mother of the new King, named Gropot, soon grew jealous of her daughter-in-law. she

was artful, malicious, and cruel; age had added a frightful deformity to her natural ugliness, so that in body and mind she was a perfect fury. Florisa's beauty made her appear still more hideous, and afforded her constant matter of provocation; she could not bear that so beautiful a person, should render her more deformed; she dreaded also her wit, and gave herself up to all the rage of envy: you have no spirit, would she oftentimes say to her son, else you never had married that little country wench, and now you have the meanness to make her your idol; she is as proud, as if she had been born to the place she fills; when the King your father had a mind to marry, he preferred me to any other, because I was daughter to a King, his equal; and so ought you to have done; send back that little shepherdes to her cottage, and think of some Princess, whose birth may suit with yours. Rosimund was deaf to all his mother's remonstrances; but Gronspot one day got hold of a billet, which Florisa was writing to the King, and gave it to a young courtier, whom she obliged to carry it to the King, as tho' Florisa had expressed for him all that affection she ought to have for the King alone. Rosimund, blinded by his jealousy, and by the malicious counsels his mother gave him, caused Florisa to be shut up for life, in an high tower, built upon the point of a rock, which reared itself in the sea. there she cried night and day, not knowing by what unjust representation the King, who had so lov-

ed her, now treated her so unworthily. she was allowed to see none but an old woman, to whose strict charge Gronipot had committed her, and who insulted her every moment in her confinement. then Florisa remembred, with regret, her village, her cottage, and all her rural pleasures. one day, as she was overwhelmed with anguish, and deploring the blindness of her mother, who had chose rather that she should be an handsome and unfortunate Queen, than an homely and contented shepherdes, the old hag, who used her so ill, came to tell her, that the King was sending an executioner to cut off her head, and that now she had only to prepare for death.

Florisa answered, that she was ready to receive the fatal blow; and actually the executioner, sent by the King's order, and the advice of Gronipot, held up a great cutlass, in order to execution, when there appeared a woman, who said she came from that Queen, to speak two words in private to Florisa before her death. the old hag could not refuse her this liberty, because that person seemed to be one of the ladies of the palace; but it was the fairy, who had predicted Florisa's misfortunes at her birth, and had assumed the figure of that lady of the Queen-mother. when she had got Florisa by herself, having caused every one else to withdraw; are you willing, said she, Florisa, to renounce the beauty, which has proved so fatal to you? are you willing to part with the title of

Queen, to re-assume your ancient Gray, and to return to your village? Florisa was overjoyed to accept the offer. the fairy then clapped an enchanted mask upon her face, and immediately her features became coarse, and lost all their proportion; she now became as homely and unpleasing, as she had been handsome and agreeable. in this condition, she was no longer to be known; so she passed, without difficulty, thro' the midst of the people, who were come to be witnesses of her tragical end. she followed the fairy, and repassed with her into her own country. they might search as they would for Florisa, no Florisa was to be found in any part of the tower. the news was carried to the King and Gronipot, who caused fresh, but fruitless search to be made for her over the whole kingdom. the fairy had restored her to her mother, who would not have known her in so great a change, had she not been apprised of it. Florisa was content to live homely, poor, and unknown in her village, where innocent, she kept the harmless sheep: daily did she hear her adventures related, and her misfortunes deplored; they were the subject of mournful ditties, which melted every hearer into tears; she took pleasure in singing them frequently with her companions, and would weep at her songs, like the rest; but she thought herself happy in tending her flock, and would never discover to any one who she was.

THE
HISTORY
OF
KING ALFAROUT
AND
CLARIFILE.

FABLE VII.

THERE was once a King named Alfarout, who was feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects: he was wise, good, just, valiant, capable; in short, nothing was wanting to him. a fairy came to wait on him, and to warn him that there would soon befall him great misfortunes, if he did not make use of a ring, which she put upon his finger. when he turned the diamond to the inside of his hand, he became forthwith invisible, and whenever he turned it outward, he was visible as before. this ring was very convenient, and afforded him great pleasure: when he suspected any of his subjects, he went into that person's closet, with his diamond turned inward, and there he heard and saw unperceived, all his domestic secrets: if he dreaded the designs of any neighbouring

King, away he went, and penetrated into his most secret counsels, where he learned every thing, undiscovered; thus did he, without difficulty, prevent whatever was intended against him; he defeated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted his enemies, who meditated his overthrow.

He was not, however, contented with his ring, but desired of the fairy, a means of transporting himself, in a moment, from one country to another, to enable him to make a speedier, and more commodious use of the ring which rendered him invisible. the fairy answered him, with a sigh, you ask too much; dread, dread the consequence of such a gift. he would hear nothing, but persisted in his demand. well then, said she, since it must be so, I shall give you, tho' much contrary to my inclination, what you will repent of having. and having so said, she anointed his shoulders with a sweet smelling liquor: immediately he felt little wings sprouting upon his back; these diminutive wings did not appear under his cloaths, but when he had a mind to fly, he had only to touch them with his hand, and forthwith they became so long, that he was capable of infinitely out-stripping the rapid flight of an eagle; whenever he wanted to fly no longer, he had but to give his wings another touch, and instantly they contracted themselves, so as not to be perceived under his cloaths: by this means, the King went wherever he pleased in a few moments; he knew

every thing, and no body could conceive how; for he would shut himself up, and seem to remain whole days in his closet, without any one daring to come into him; whenever he got there, he rendered himself invisible by his ring, expanded his wings by a touch, and overflew immense countries; he thereby engaged himself in great wars, wherein he got what victories he pleased; but as he was constantly privy to the secrets of men, he observed them so wicked and dissembling, that he durst no longer trust any one: the more he became powerful and formidable, the less he was beloved, and he found he was not beloved by any one, even of those on whom he had conferred the greatest favours. to comfort himself, he resolved to go thro' all the countries of the world, in quest of an accomplished woman, whom he might take to wife, of whom he might be beloved, and by whom he might be made happy. long did he seek her; and as he saw every thing, himself unseen, he had access to the most impenetrable secrets. he went thro' all courts; he found every where coquettish women, who wanted to be beloved, but who loved themselves too much, truly to love a husband. he next made a tour thro' the private houses; there one woman had a light and inconstant temper, another was cunning, a third haughty, and a fourth whimsical, almost all false, vain, and idolizers of their persons. he then descended to the lowest rank, and here, at length, he found the daughter of a poor husband-

man, beauteous as the morn, but simple and ingenuous in her beauty, which she made little account of, and which was indeed her smallest quality; for she had a wit and virtue which surpassed all the graces of her person; all the youth of her neighbourhood crowded to see her, and every young man would have thought to secure his happiness, by making her his wife. King Alfarout could not behold her, without falling passionately in love with her. he demanded her of her father, who was transported with joy to find that his daughter should be a great Queen. Clarifile (for that was her name) passed from her father's cottage into a rich palace, where a numerous court received her. she was not at all dazzled with its splendor, but preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue, and, at the pinnacle of honours, forgot not whence she sprung. the King redoubled his tenderness for her, and thought at length he should come to be happy; and indeed he wanted little of being so already, so much did he begin to confide in the Queen's goodness of heart; he would every now and then render himself invisible, in order to observe, and to surprise her; but he discovered never any thing in her that he did not think worthy to be admired.

There was now but one small remnant of jealousy and distrust, which still disturbed him a little in his fondness. the fairy who had foretold him the fatal consequences of her last gift, continued to warn him

of them, till at length he began to be pestered with her; wherefore, he gave orders that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and forbid the Queen to receive her. the Queen promised to obey, but with no small reluctance, for she loved the good fairy.

One day the fairy wanting to give the Queen some intelligence of futurity, got access to her in the shape of an officer, and upon her declaring to the Queen who she was, her Majesty embraced her tenderly. the King, who was then in the room invisible, seeing this was transported with jealousy to distraction: he drew his sword, and stabbed the Queen to the heart, who dropped down, expiring in his arms. that moment the fairy re-assumed her true shape. the King knew her, and perceiving the Queen's innocence, would have killed himself; but the fairy held his hand, and endeavoured to comfort him. the Queen with her last breath said to him, tho' I die by your hand, I die wholly yours. Alfarout deplored his misfortune, in having, in spite of the fairy, insisted upon a gift, which proved so fatal to him. he returned her the ring, and prayed her to take away his wings. the remainder of his days he spent in bitterness and sorrow; nor had he any other consolation than that of going and shedding tears over the tomb of Clarifile.

H I S T O R Y
O F A N
O L D Q U E E N
A N D A
Y O U N G C O U N T R Y - M A I D .

F A B L E V I I I .

TH E R E was once a Queen so old, so very old, that her Majesty was grown both bald and toothless; her head shook like an aspen-leaf; she no longer saw, even with spectacles; her nose and chin met; she was shrunk into a shapeless clew, with a back so bowed, that you would have thought she had been always crooked.

A fairy, who had assisted at her birth, came to her, and said, do you desire to grow young again? most earnestly, replied the Queen; I would give all the jewels I am mistress of, to be no more than twenty. you must then, continued the fairy, transfer your age and infirmities to some one, who shall be contented to spare you her youth and health: to whom, therefore, shall we give your hundred years?

The Queen caused immediate search to be made throughout the whole kingdom, for a person who should be willing to barter youth for age, upon a valuable consideration. there soon came a number of beggars, who were willing to be old, in order to be rich: but when they had seen the Queen coughing, spitting, living upon spoon-meat, ghastly, distressed, and doating, they were no longer inclinable to take upon them the burden of her years; they chose rather to beg, and to enjoy youth and health in rags. there came also some ambitious persons, to whom she promised great honours and preferments: but what shall those honours avail us, said they, upon seeing her, when we shall be so forbidding and frightful, as not to dare to shew our faces?

At last there presented herself a young country-lafs, beautiful as the rosy morn, who demanded the crown, as the price of her youth; her name was Peronel. the Queen grew angry at the bold demand; but what availed her anger? she wanted to be young again. let us share, said she to Peronel, my kingdom; you shall have one half, and I the other; that is more than enough for you, who are but a little country-girl. no, replied the damsel, it is not enough for me; I will have all or nothing; let me enjoy my condition of a country-girl, with my blooming complexion, and let your Majesty keep, with all my heart, your hundred years, with your wrinkles and death at your el-

bow. but then, replied the Queen, what should I do, if I wanted a kingdom? why you would laugh, dance, and sing as I do, answered the girl; and with that she fell a laughing, dancing, and singing. the Queen, who was far enough from doing the like, said then to her, what would you do in my place? you, who are neither accustomed to old-age, nor to empire. I do not know, said the damsel, what I would do; but I would fain try it, for I have always heard that it is a fine thing to be a Queen.

While the parties were about striking the bargain, in came the fairy; and, addressing herself to Peronel, said; are you willing to take a trial of the trade of an old Queen, to know how it will suit you? with all my heart, replied the girl. that instant wrinkles furrow her brow; her hair whitens, she grows peevish and crabbed, her head shakes, her teeth loosen; in short, she is already an hundred years old. the fairy then opens a little box, and forth springs a multitude of officers and courtiers, of both sexes, richly apparelled, who grow up as fast as they come out, and pay a thousand respects to the new Queen. she is conducted to her chair of state; and a sumptuous banquet is set before her; but alas! she has no appetite, nor teeth to chew; she is awkward and bashful, and in a maze; she knows neither what to say nor do; she coughs till she is ready to burst; she beholds herself in the glass, and is shocked at her own deformity. in

the mean time, the true Queen stands in a corner, smirking, and beginning to grow handsome. her hair returns, and her teeth also; she regains a fresh rosy complexion, she now smugs herself up, with a thousand little youthful airs; but she was troubled to find herself shabbily dressed; her coats short and scanty, and her jacket of an humble gray; she was not used to be thus poorly equipt, and the guards taking her for some country cook-maid, were for turning her out of the palace. then Peronel said to her, I perceive you are not a little uneasy in being no longer a Queen, and I am no less so in being one. here, take your crown, and give me back my gray. the exchange was forthwith made; the Queen grew old, and Peronel young. scarce was the exchange finished, when they both repented, but it was too late: for the fairy condemned each to remain in her condition. the Queen bemoaned herself daily, upon the smallest indisposition. alas! would she say, if I was Peronel at this time, I should sleep in a cottage, and feed upon chesnuts; but then by day I should dance under the elm with the shepherds, to the sweet music of the pipe. what avails it me to have a bed of down, where I am never free from pain, and so many attendants, who can give me no relief?

Her vexation increased her ailments, as did also the physicians, of whom she had constantly a dozen at least about her. in fine, she died at the end of two

months. Peronel was in the midst of a dance with her companions, by the side of a crystal brook, when she received the tidings of the Queen's death. then she was sensible that she had been more happy than wise, in having lost the queenship.

Some time after the fairy came again to visit her, and gave her the choice of three husbands; one old, peevish, disagreeable, jealous, and cruel, but withal, rich, powerful, and a great lord, who should never be able to be without her night or day; another comely, kind, complaisant, amiable, and of high birth, but poor, and unfortunate in every thing; the third and last, a peasant, like herself, who should be neither handsome nor homely, who should love her neither too much, nor too little, and who should be neither rich nor poor. Peronel was at a loss which to take; for she was naturally fond of fine cloaths, equipages, and honours. but the fairy told her, go to, you are a fool; do you see the peasant? that is the husband fit for you. you would love too much the second; you would be too much beloved by the first; both would render you unhappy; it is very fair that the third do not beat you: it is better to dance upon the grass, or heath, than in a palace, and to be plain Peronel in the country, than an unhappy lady at court. if you do not regret the want of grandeur, you will be happy with your ploughman all your life time.

THE
DEPARTURE
OF
LYCON.

FABLE IX.

WHEN fame, with her shrill trumpet, had announced Lycon's departure to the rural gods and swains of Cynthus, all the shady woods resounded with a loud and bitter plaint. Echo repeated it with mournful voice, and all the vales around. no more was heard the pipe's sweet sound, or hautboy's merry note. the shepherds, in their grief, destroy their reeds; every thing languished, and the verdant bloom, that beautified the trees, began to fade. the heaven, till then serene, grew black with storms; and rigid Boreas already shook the groves, as in fell winter; even the most rustic deities themselves were not insensible to this their loss: the Dryads issued from the hollow trunks of venerable oaks to mourn their Lycon. all these divinities in concert, formed a sad assembly round a stately tree, which reared its towering branches to the skies, and with its wide impene-

trable shade had many ages screened its parent earth. alas! around this ancient, knotty trunk, of vast diameter, the wood-land nymphs, where erst they used to trip it and to play, repaired in tears to tell their doleful tale. he's gone, said they, we ne'er shall see him more; Lycon forsakes us, snatched by adverse fortune to be the ornament and the delight of other happier fated groves than ours. O no! we may no longer dare to hope to hear his tuneful voice, or see him draw th' elastic bow, and with his mortal shafts to pierce the rapid birds.—Even Pan comes up, forgetful of his pipe; the Fauns and Satyrs now suspend their dances; the chearless birds can warble now no more; nothing was heard but frightful cries of owls, and other boding birds; sweet Philomel, and all her mates, the same sad silence keep.

Lo! Flora and Pomona, hand in hand, sudden appear, and smiling in the grove, the one with chaplets crowned, made flowers spring beneath her steps impressed upon the green; to'ther, in horn of plenty, bore the fruits, which autumn liberal pours upon the earth, to pay the pains of man. take heart, said they, to the assembly of dejected gods; Lycon is gone, but he will ne'er forsake this favourite mountain, sacred to Apollo; soon shall you see him cultivate himself our happy gardens; soon his hand shall plant the arbutus green, the plants that nourish man, and flowers which constitute his sweet delight. beware, O nor-

thern gales, ye never blast, with your pestiferous breath, those favoured gardens, where Lycon shall indulge an harmless joy; he, simple nature shall prefer to pomp and lawless pleasure; he shall love these plains, and ever shall forsake them with regret.

This said, the mourning straight was changed to joy, and Lycon's praises now by all were sung; they said, he'll be a lover of the gardens, as erst Apollo kept Admetus' flocks: a thousand songs divine now fill the groves, and Lycon's name makes hill and dales resound; the swains repeat it on their tuneful reeds; the birds themselves, in their sweet artless notes, seem to say somewhat like the charming name; earth is adorned with flowers, enriched with fruits; the gardens gay with hopes of his return, prepare him all the graces of the spring, and autumn's rich magnificence of gifts; the very glances Lycon darts from far upon the pleasant mount, shall fertilize it: then having grubbed the wild and barren plants, the olive and the myrtle he shall call, till Mars an harvest of new laurels raise.

THE

YOUNG PRINCE.

F A B L E X.

THE sun having left the vast arch of heaven in peace, had finished his course, and plunged his fiery steeds in the Hesperian waves; the border of the horizon was yet of a purplish red, and enflamed by the burning rays he had diffused in his passage; the scorching Dog-star parched the earth; all the plants languished for thirst; the faded flowers hung down their drooping heads, and their feeble stalks no longer could support them; the very zephyrs withheld their comfortable breezes; the air, which the animals breathed, resembled luke-warm water; night, which with its shades diffuses a refreshing cool, could not temper the devouring heat which the day had caused; she could pour on spiritless and fainting men, neither the dew she distils, when Hesper shines at the tail of the other stars, nor that crop of poppies which afford the charms of sleep to all weary nature; the Sun alone in Thetis' lap enjoyed profound repose; but, afterwards, when he was obliged to remount his chariot, drawn by the Hours, and preceded by Aurora, strewing his way with roses, he perceived all Olympus over-

cast with clouds; he saw the remains of a tempest which had terrified poor mortals all the night; the clouds were still infected with the stench of the sulphureous vapours, which had lighted the streaming flashes, and made the threatening thunder roar; the mutinous winds having broke their chains, and forced their deep dungeons, still bellowed in the spacious plains of air; adown the mountains to the vales beneath, the swelling torrents tumbled; he, whose radiant eye cheers all nature, beheld, on all sides, as he rose, the remains of a cruel storm; but (which moved him more) he beheld a young fondling of the Muses, who to him was very dear, from whom the storm had stolen sleep away, when just begun to spread his sable wings over his heavy eye-lids: he was upon the point of driving back his horses, and of retarding day, in order to restore repose to the favourite youth who had lost it. I will, said he, that he sleep; sweet sleep shall cool his blood, allay his bile, shall give him health and strength to imitate Alcides' arduous toils, and shall inspire him with an I don't know what of tender softness, which possibly might be his only want: if he but sleep, and smile, and mitigate his sanguine constitution, if he love the social joys, and if he take delight in loving men, and being of them beloved, then all the graces of the mind and body will come in crouds our darling to adorn.

YOUNG BACCHUS

AND THE

F A U N.

F A B L E XI.

ONE day young Bacchus, whom Silenus taught, would seek the Muses in a neighbouring grove, whose silence purling streams alone disturbed, and warbling birds; Sol could not, with his beams, transpierce the gloomy verdure. here the son of Semele, to learn the speech of gods, seated him by a venerable oak, whence many men, in the age of gold, had sprung. it erst had likewise uttered oracles, nor Time's keen scythe had dared to bring it down. fast by this sacred ancient oak lay hid a youthful Faun, who lent attentive ear to all the verses which the infant sung, and noted to Silenus, by a sneer, whatever faults his young disciple made. the Naiads then and wood-nymphs also smiled; the critic young and gay some was and gay. his head with ivy and with vine was crowned; his temples were adorned around with grapes; from his left shoulder, o'er his other side hung, scarf-wise, negligent, a large festoon of leaves, which youthful Bacchus saw with joy, of ivy sacred

to the jolly god. the Faun enveloped was above the waist, with all the dreadful and the shaggy spoil of a young lioness, he'd slain in the woods. a bending knotty crook waved in his hand ; his tail played wantonly upon his back.

But Bacchus could not bear the wicked wag, who still was ready to deride his words, if not precisely pure and elegant. with fiery and impatient tone he cried ; how darest thou mock the son of mighty Jove ? to which the Faun unmoved, made this reply ; how dares the son of Jove commit a fault ?

THE
NIGHTINGALE
AND THE
LINNET.

F A B L E XII.

ON the ever-green banks of the river Alpheus, there is a sacred grove, where three Naiads diffuse, with no small noise, their crystal waters, and sprinkle the rising flowers. hither the Graces oft resort to bathe. the trees of this grove are never ruffled, for the winds revere them; they are only fanned by the breath of gentle zephyrs; here the nymphs and fauns perform their nightly dances, to the music of Pan's melodious flute. the sun, with his keenest rays, can never pierce the thick shade which is formed by the intertwined boughs of this grove; but silence, darkness, and delicious cool, reign there by day as night. under this foliage Philomela sings, with plaintive melody, her ancient woes, yet unconsol'd. mean while a young and merry-hearted linnnet, warbles her pleasures, and declares the spring to all the shepherds round. Now Philomel herself grows jealous of the

tender notes of her companion. one day they spied a young and beauteous swain, whom, in those woods, they ne'er had seen before. graceful indeed and noble was his aspect, he seemed the Muses friend, and to delight in harmony. they took this lovely swain to be Apollo, such as he formerly had served Admetus, or some young hero of his race divine. now the two songsters, by the Nine inspired, begun to warble these prophetic strains.

' Who is this shepherd, or this god unknown, that comes to ornament our happy grove. our songs affect him, and he seems to love sweet poesy, which soon will soothe his heart, and render him as amiable as brave.'

Then Philomel continued thus alone.

' May this young hero still increase in virtue, as a young flower opening in the spring; and may he love the mind's sweet entertainments; still may the Graces dwell upon his lips, and in his heart Minerva's wisdom reign.'

The linnet answered her.

' O may he equal Orpheus in voice, and Hercules in deeds of high renown; may his great soul possess Achilles' fire, without his fierceness; be he good, wise, bountiful and tender towards men, and earn their love; O may the heavenly nine in him all virtues raise, without allay!'

Then the sweet songsters thus resumed in concert.

‘ He loves our melody, into his heart it enters deep,
‘ like as the welcome dew falls on our greens, when
‘ parched up by the sun ; may the gods grant him pru-
‘ dent moderation, and make him ever happy ; may
‘ his hand still hold the horn of plenty ; may the age of
‘ gold return in him ; may heaven-born wisdom from
‘ him diffuse its influence benign on mortals ; and may
‘ flowers succeed his steps.’

While thus they sung, the zephyrs held their breath;
all the flowers of the grove opened in full-blown beau-
ty ; the streams, by the three fountains formed, suspend-
ed all the while their mazy courses ; the Satyrs and
the Fauns, to hear the better, pricked up their point-
ed ears ; Echo rehearsed the beauteous strains to all
the rocks around ; the Dryads issued from the verdant
trees, in order to admire the princely youth, whom
Philomel and her companion sung.

T H E
H U M O U R I S T.

F A B L E XIII.

WHAT is this that has befallen Melanthus ? nothing without, 'tis all within ; his affairs go to his wish ; every body strives to please him. what then ? has he got the spleen ? he went to bed last night the delight of mankind ; this morning one blushes for him, one should conceal it : in getting up, the fold of a sock displeased him, the whole day will therefore be stormy, and every one must suffer for it : now he strikes with terror, now he moves to pity ; sometimes he cries like a child, sometimes he roars like a lion ; a wild and malignant vapour troubles and clouds his imagination, as the ink of his ink-horn daubs his fingers ; do not venture to speak to him of the things he loved most but a moment ago ; for the very reason that he loved them, he can no longer endure them ; the parties of pleasure he so much desired are now grown irksome to him, they must be broke ; he strives to contradict, to complain, to pique others ; he is mad to see they will not be angry ; oftentimes he will push at the air like a furious bull, who, with whetted horns, rushes on to fight against the winds ; when he wants a pretence to attack others, he will fall upon himself ;

he blames himself, he finds himself good for nothing, he discourages himself, and takes it very ill if any one attempt to comfort him; he chuses to be alone, and cannot support solitude; he returns to company, and frets at them; do they hold their peace, their affected silence offends him; do they speak low, he imagines 'tis against him; do they speak loud, he finds them noisy, and too merry while he is dull; are they dull, that dulness appears to him a reproach of his failings; do they laugh, he suspects it is at him; what should one do? why, even be as firm and patient as he is insupportable, and wait calmly till to-morrow, that he recover the wits he had yesterday: this strange humour goes as it comes; when it seizes him, one might say it is a movement of a machine, which runs itself down all at once; he is such as they paint possessed people; his reason is in a manner inverted, 'tis downright madness itself; provoke him, and he will tell you at noon that it is night; for there is no longer either day or night to a head disordered by its caprice: sometimes he cannot help being astonished at his outrageous mad fits; in spite of his moroseness, he will smile at the extravagant expressions that have escaped him: but what method is there of foreseeing those storms, and of conjuring the tempest? none; there are no good almanacs to predict this bad weather: beware of saying, to-morrow we shall go and divert ourselves in such a garden; the man of to-day,

will not be the man of to-morrow; he who promises you just now, will, by and by, disappear, and you shall not know where to lay hold of him, to put him in mind of his promise; in his place you will find an I don't know what, which has neither form nor name, which can have neither, and which you could not define two moments together after the same manner: study him well, then say of him what you please; it will not be true the moment after you have said it; this inconsistent entity would and would not; it threatens, it trembles, it blends ridiculous haughtiness with unworthy meannesses; it weeps, it laughs, it plays, is furious in the most whimsical and foolish fit of fury; he is pleasant, eloquent, subtle, full of new turns, tho' he has not even a shadow of reason remaining: take good care to say nothing to him that is not just, precise, and exactly reasonable; he would well know how to take his advantage of it, and would artfully turn the chace upon you; he would pass forthwith from his own error to attack yours, and would become reasonable for the sole pleasure of convincing you that you are not so: it was a mere nothing that made him fly up to the clouds; but what is become of that nothing? it is lost in the fray; it is no more in question; he knows no longer what made him angry; he knows only that he is angry, and that he will be angry, and even this he knows not always; he imagines oftentimes that all who speak to him are in a passion, and that himself is

the only calm person, as a man who has the jaundice thinks all he sees yellow, tho' the yellow be only in his own eyes. but perhaps he will spare certain persons, to whom he owes more than to others, or whom he seems to have a greater regard for. no; his extravagant humour knows no body; it falls indifferently on all it meets; the first comer is as good as any to discharge his spleen upon, all is alike to him, so he be but angry; he would abuse the persons he ought most to regard; he loves them no more; he is no more loved by them; he is persecuted, betrayed; he owes nothing to any whatsoever: but stay a moment, see another scene! he stands in need of every body; he loves, he is beloved again; he flatters, he insinuates himself, he bewitches all those who could no longer bear him; he confesses his fault, he laughs at his own oddities, he mimics himself, and you would think you saw him really in his mad fits, he does it so much to the life. after this farce, acted at his own expence, you think surely that he will at least never more play the Demoniack. alas! you deceive yourself; he will do it again this very night, and laugh at it again to-morrow, without the smallest reformation.

THE
D R A G O N
AND THE
F O X E S.

F A B L E XIV.

A Dragon, who guarded a treasure in a deep winding cave, watched over it night and day. two foxes understanding this, and being great cheats and robbers by trade, insinuated themselves into his favour by flattery, and so became his confidants. the most complaisant and officious are not the surest friends. they treated him as a great personage, admired all his fancies, were always of his mind, and sneered between themselves at their cully. at length, he fell asleep betwixt them; they seized the opportunity, strangled him, and made themselves masters of the treasure. but next it must be divided, and this was no easy matter, for two rogues agree only to do mischief. one of them fell a moralizing: what use, said he, shall we make of all this money? a little game had been better for us; there is no such thing as eating of metal, pistoles are hard of digestion; men are fools to be so fond of those

false riches; let us not be as foolish as they. the other feigned to be touched with the sage reflections, and protested that he would live such a philosopher as Bias, and carry his all about with him. both made a feint of quitting the treasure; but they lay in mutual ambush, and tore each other to pieces. one of them expiring said to the other, who was as much wounded as himself; what wouldst thou have done with the money? the same thing thou wouldst have done with it, answered the other. a man passing that way, when he heard their adventure, called them egregious fools. you are no less so than we, replied one of the foxes; you can no more feed upon money than we, and you kill one another to procure it: our race has hitherto been wise enough, at least, not to make use of any coin. what you introduced amongst you for your conveniency proves your curse. you lose true riches in the pursuit of imaginary.

T H E
T W O F O X E S.

F A B L E XV.

TWO foxes one night surpris'd a hen-roost, where they worried the cock, the hens, and the chickens; and after that slaughter, they began to allay their hunger: one being young and fiery would needs devour every thing; the other, who was old and covetous, was for keeping some provision for to-morrow. the old one said, experience, child, has made me wise; I have seen many things since I have been in the world; let us not eat up our whole substance in one day; we have made our fortune, this is a treasure we have found, and we must husband it. young Reynard replied, I have a mind to eat up all while I am here, and to lay in a belly-full for eight days; for 'tis a joke to think of returning, that may not be so convenient to-morrow. the landlord to revenge the death of his fowls, would not fail to knock us on the head. after this conversation, each takes his course. the young one eats on till he bursts, and can hardly crawl home to his hole to die; the old one, who thinks himself much wiser to moderate his appetites, and live with oeconomy, on his return next morning to his prey, is knocked on the head by the landlord. thus every age hath its failings: young people are hot and insatiable in their pleasures; the old are incorrigible in their avarice.

THE

WOLF AND THE LAMB.

F A B L E XVI.

AS some sheep lay safely in their fold, the dogs asleep, and the shepherd in the shade of a lofty elm, playing on the pipe, with other neighbouring shepherds, an hungry wolf came up to the inclosure, and began thro' its chinks to reconnoitre the state of the flock. a young unexperienced lamb, observing the wolf, entered into conversation with him. what come you to seek here, said he to the glutton? the tender flowery grafs, returned the wolf; you know that nothing is more agreeable than to feed in a verdant meadow, enamelled with flowers, to assuage one's hunger, and to quench one's thirst in a crystal brook: lo! here I have found both; what need I more? I love the philosophy that teaches to be content with little. is it really true then, replied the lamb, that you don't eat the flesh of animals, and that a little grafs sufficeth you? if so, let us live like brethren, and feed together. and with that the credulous lamb leaped out of the fold into the meadow, where the temperate philosopher tore him to pieces, and swallowed him.

Distrust the fair speeches of persons who boast of their virtue. judge by their actions, and not by their words.

T H E
C A T A N D T H E R A B B I T S.

F A B L E X V I I.

A Cat, putting on a demure countenance, had got into a warren, peopled with rabbits: immediately the whole commonwealth, in alarm, made haste to whip into their holes. as the intruder lay upon the catch, hard by a burrow, the deputies of the rabbit nation, who had seen his terrible paws, made their appearance in the straitest place of the burrow's mouth, to ask his business there. he protested with a mild voice, that he wanted only to study the manners of the nation; that in quality of philosopher he was travelling thro' all countries, to inform himself of the customs of every species of animals. the simple and credulous deputies returned, and told their brethren, that this stranger, so venerable for his modest demeanour, and majestic fur, was a sober, disinterested, peaceful philosopher, who was on his travels from country to country, in search of wisdom; that he came from a variety of places, where he had seen strange wonders; that it would be a pleasure to hear him discourse, and that he would be very loth to snap up any rabbits, seeing he believed, like a good Bramin as he was, the transmigration of souls, and tasted no food that had ever had life. this fine account touched the

assembly. in vain did an old cunning rabbit, who was generally dictator of the company, represent how much that grave philosopher was suspicious to him: in spite of all he could say, the infatuated creatures go to salute the Bramin, who, at the first embrace, throttled seven or eight of them; the rest make the best of their way back to their holes, not a little frightened and ashamed of their folly. whereupon, the grave Mr. Modesty returned to the entrance of the burrow, protesting with a most cordial tone, that he had committed this murder much against his will, only to satisfy his pressing need; that henceforth he would live upon other animals, and make with them an eternal alliance. the rabbits immediately entered into a negotiation with him, without, however, coming within reach of his claws. the treaty continues; they hold him in play. in the mean time, one of the nimblest of the rabbits gets out by the back-side of the burrow, and runs to acquaint a neighbouring shepherd, who used to divert himself with catching some of its juniper-fed companions. the shepherd incensed against the destroyer of so useful a people, hastens to the burrow with his bow and arrows: he spies Mr. Puffs, who was mindful of nothing but his prey; he lets fly one of his deadly shafts, and pierces him to the heart. the cat expiring, is said to have spoke these words; when a person has once deceived, he can no more be trusted by any body; but is hated, feared, and at length caught by his own devices.

T H E
T W O M I C E.

F A B L E XVIII.

A Mousé, weary of living in continual peril and alarm from barbarous cats and weasels, who made great havock of the mousique nation, called her gossip, that lived in a neighbouring hole. a rare thought, said she to her, has struck me in the head; I have read in certain books, which I have been gnawing some days past, that there is a fine country, named the Indies, where our people are better used, and more in safety than here: in that country sages believe that the soul of a mouse may have been formerly the soul of a great captain, of a King, or, perhaps, of a wonderful Fakir; and that it may, after the death of the mouse, enter into the body of some fine lady, or great Pendar; if I right remember, this is called the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls; in this opinion, they treat all animals with a brotherly love: there are to be seen hospitals of mice, who are put out to board, and entertained like persons of consequence; along, sister, let us make the best of our way for so fine a country, where the polity is so excellent, and justice done to our merit. the gossip replied; but, sister, are there no cats that get into those hospitals? if there were, they would soon make abun-

dance of transmigrations; one stroke of tooth or claw would make a King, or a Fakir; a wonder which we could very well dispense with. don't fear that, said the former, the order is perfect in that country; the cats have their houses, as we have ours; and they have likewise their hospitals of invalids by themselves. after this conversation, our two mice set out together: they get on board of a ship, which was going a long voyage, by slipping along the ropes the evening before the embarkation. away they sail, and are overjoyed to see themselves far from the cursed shores, where the cats exercised their tyranny. the voyage was prosperous; they arrived at Surat, not to amass riches, like merchants, but in order to be made much of by the Indians. scarce had they got into an habitation assigned to mice, when they challenged the first place there. the one pretended she remembered to have been formerly a famous Bramin on the coast of Malabar; the other protested that she had been a fine lady of the same country, with long ears. in short, they grew so insolent, that the Indian mice could not bear them. and now, behold a civil war! they fell without mercy upon the two Franguis, who wanted to give law to the rest. instead of being eaten by cats, they were worried by their own sisters.

Let people go never so far to avoid danger, if they are not modest and discreet, they do but seek their ruin abroad, which it were as well to meet at home.

T H E
B E A S T S
C H U S I N G A
K I N G.

F A B L E XIX.

UPON the death of the lion, all the beasts repaired in haste to his den, to comfort the lioness, his widow, who made the mountains and forests resound with her cries. after having paid their compliments to her, they proceeded to the election of a king; the crown of the defunct being placed in the middle of the assembly. the young lion was yet too young and weak to obtain the royalty from so many fierce animals. let me but grow up, said he, and I shall be as able to reign as the best of you, and to make myself feared in my turn; in the mean time, I will study the history of my father's great actions, in order one day to equal his glory. for my part, says the leopard, I expect to be crowned, as being liker to the lion than any of the other pretenders: and I, said the bear, do maintain that I met with injustice, when the lion was preferred before me; I am strong, courageous, and carnivorous, as much as he; and I have one singular ad-

vantage, which is that of climbing trees. I leave you to judge, gentlemen, said the elephant, if any one can dispute with me the glory of being the tallest, the strongest, and the gravest of all animals. I am the noblest, and most beautiful, said the horse: and I the most cunning, cried the fox: and I the swiftest, said the stag. where shall you find, said the ape, a more agreeable, or more ingenious King than myself? I shall daily divert my subjects; nay, I resemble man, who is the true King of all nature. the parrot (though no member) could no longer forbear; since thou boastest of resembling man, squeak'd he, so may I too; thou resemblest him only by thy ugly phiz, and by some ridiculous grins; as for me, I resemble him in voice, which is the badge of reason, and the most beautiful ornament of man. hold thy tongue, wretched pratter, replied the ape, thou talkest, but not like man; thou sayst always the same thing, without understanding what thou sayst. the assembly laughed at these two sorry mimics of man; and the crown was bestowed on the elephant, as having strength and wisdom, without either the cruelty of the furious beasts, or the foolish vanity of so many others, who want always to appear what they are not.

T H E A P E.

F A B L E XX.

AN old mischievous ape having died, his ghost descended into Pluto's dreary abode, where it begged leave to return among the living. Pluto had a mind to remit it into the body of an heavy stupid ass, in order to deprive it of its suppleness, vivacity, and mischievousness. but it played so many pleasant and wanton tricks, that the grim King of hell could not forbear smiling, and left it the choice of its condition. it desired to enter into the body of a parrot; for so, said it, I shall at least preserve some resemblance to men, whom I so long have imitated: when I was an ape, I made gestures like them, and being a parrot, I shall talk with them in the most agreeable conversations. scarce was the ape's soul introduced into this new employment, when a prating old woman bought him: she made him her darling, and put him in a fine cage; he fared sumptuously, and chattered all day with the old dotard, who spoke no more sensibly than himself. to his new talent of deafening every body, he joined somewhat of his former profession; he would wag his head ridiculously, make his bill crack, shake his wings in a hundred different ways, and with his paws play many little tricks, which still favoured of the distortions of a jack-pudding. the old woman would every now and then be putting on her spectacles to admire him: she was very sorry to be a

little deaf, and thereby to lose some words of her Poll, in whom she found more wit than in any body. the parrot, thus spoiled, became a prattling, impertinent fool; he so tossed and tumbled about in his cage, and drank so much wine with his old mistress, that he quickly died. and now behold him returned before Pluto, who resolved this time to make him pass into the body of a fish, in order to render him dumb; but he again played a farce before the King of ghosts; and princes seldom resist the requests of buffoons that flatter them. Pluto granted, therefore, to this, that he should go into the body of a man; but as the god was ashamed to send him into the body of a wise and virtuous man, he assigned him the body of a tedious, troublesome coxcomb, who was incessantly lying, bragging, and making ridiculous gestures; who laughed at every body, and would interrupt the most polite and solid conversations, in order to say nothing, or nonsense. Mercury knowing him again in this new state, said merrily to him; O ho! friend, I smoke thee, thou art nothing but a compound of the ape and parrot, that I have seen formerly; whoever would take away thy gestures, and thy words, learned by rote, without judgment, would leave nothing at all of thee behind; a pretty ape and good parrot make but a foolish man. O! how many men are there in the world with formal gestures, a little prittle prattle, and an air of sufficiency, that have neither sense nor conduct.

T H E
TWO YOUNG LYONS.

F A B L E XXI.

TWO young lions had been brought up together in the same forest; they were of the same age, size, and abilities. the one was taken in toils at a hunting of the Great Mogul; the other remained in the craggy mountains. he who had been taken was carried to court, where he lived in the heart of delights; each day was an antelope given him for his dinner, and then he had only to take his ease and rest, in a convenient lodge, where care was taken to make him lie softly; it was the business of a white eunuch twice a day to comb down his waving golden mane. as he grew very tame, the King himself would often caress him. he was fat, sleek, stately, and magnificent; for he wore a collar of gold, and from his ears dangled pendants, enriched with pearls and diamonds. he despised all the other lions that were in the neighbouring lodges, much less grand than his, and who were not in such favour as he. this prosperity puffed up his heart; he thought himself some great personage, since he was treated so honourably; the court wherein he shone, gave him the taste of ambition; he imagined he would have been a hero, had he continued in the forests.

One day, as he was no longer fastened to his chain, away he scampered from the palace, and returned to the country where he had been bred. at that juncture, the King of the whole lion nation was just dead, and the States were assembled, in order to chuse him a successor. amongst a great many other competitors, there was one who eclipsed all the others by his fierce and daring mien; and who should this be but that other young lion, who had never quitted the deserts. while his companion had been pampering at court, the solitary had often sharpened his courage by a raging hunger; he was wont to find his food thro' the greatest perils and bloodshed; he would tear both flocks and shepherds; he was lean, shaggy, grizzly; fire and blood streamed from his eyes; he was nimble, brawny, accustomed to clamber, and to spring, undaunted by javelins or darts. the two old companions demanded single combat, to decide who should reign. but an old, wise, and experienced lioness, whose counsels the whole commonwealth regarded, moved to set first on the throne him who had studied politics at court: many murmured, saying, she wanted to have a vain and voluptuous coxcomb preferred to a warrior, who had learned, in fatigue and danger, to support the most weighty affairs. however, the interest of the old lioness prevailed, and the court lion was placed upon the throne: he presently dissolved in pleasures;

he loved nothing but pageantry; he used art and cunning to cloak his cruelty and tyranny: he was soon hated, despised, detested. then the old lions said; it is time to dethrone him; I well knew he was unworthy to be King; but I was willing that you should have a trial of one spoiled by softness and policy, to make you afterwards the more sensible of the value of another, who, by his patience and valour, merited the kingdom. 'tis now they must fight. straightway they were put into a close field; where the two champions afforded a spectacle to the assembly: but the spectacle lasted not long; the effeminate lion trembled, and durst not face the other; he shamefully flies, and hides himself; the other pursues, and insults him. all cried out murder him, tear him to pieces. no, no, replied his antagonist, when one has so cowardly an enemy, it were cowardise to fear him; I'll have him to live; he does not deserve to die; I shall easily know how to reign, without being much troubled to hold him in subjection. in fact, the vigorous lion reigned with wisdom and authority; the other was well contented to make the meanest court to him, to obtain some bits of flesh from his table, and to spend his days in a shameful idleness.

T H E
B E E S.

F A B L E XXII.

AS a young Prince, at the return of the zephyrs, when all nature revives, was walking in a delightful garden, he heard a great buzzing, and spied an hive of bees. he draws near to this sight, which was new to him, and sees, with astonishment, the order, care, and labour of that little commonwealth. the cells begun to be formed, and to take a regular figure : one part of the bees were filling them with their sweet nectar ; others were bringing flowers, which they had culled out of all the riches of the spring : idleness and sloth were banished that little state ; every thing was in motion, but without confusion or disturbance. the most considerable amongst the bees conducted the rest, who obeyed without any murmur or jealousy against those that were above them. while the young prince was admiring this object, which he was yet unacquainted with, a bee, whom all the others acknowledged as their Queen, accosted him, and said ; the sight of our work and oeconomy entertains you : but it ought still more to instruct you ; we never suffer amongst us disorder or licentiousness ; there is no be-

ing considerable among us but by labour, and by the talents that may be useful to our commonwealth; merit is here the only way to preferment; we occupy ourselves night and day in things whereof men reap all the benefit. may you be one day like us, and bring mankind into that order which you admire in our society.

THE
BEE AND THE FLY.

F A B L E XXIII.

A Bee one day perceived a fly near her hive. what business hast thou there, said she, with a furious tone ? it well becomes thee truly, vile creature, to mix with the sovereigns of the air. thou art in the right, replied the fly coldly ; one is always to blame for coming nigh so fiery a nation as yours. nothing can exceed our wisdom, said the bee ; we alone have laws, and a well-ordered commonwealth ; we gather none but odoriferous flowers ; we make nothing but delicious honey, which equals the very nectar. get thee out of my presence, nasty, impertinent fly, who dost nothing but buz, and seek thy living in ordure. we live as we may, replied the fly ; poverty is no vice, but passion is a great one ; you make honey, which is sweet, but your heart is still bitter ; you are wise in your laws, but violent in your conduct ; your passion, which stings your enemies, is death to you ; and your foolish cruelty does more hurt to yourselves than to any body. it is better to have less shining qualities with more moderation.

THE
B E E S
AND THE
S I L K - W O R M S.

F A B L E XXIV.

ONE day the bees ascended to Olympus, and presented themselves at the foot of the throne of Jove, beseeching him to consider the care they had taken of his infancy, when they fed him with their honey upon mount Ida. Jupiter was ready to grant them the first honours among all little animals: but Minerva, who presides over arts, represented to him, that there was another species, which disputed with the bees the glory of useful inventions. Jove would know their name: silk-worms, answered she. straight-way, the first of gods ordered Mercury to waft upon the wings of the gentle zephyrs, deputies from that diminutive people, that he might hear the arguments on both sides.

The bee, ambassadress of her nation, represented the sweetness of the honey, which is the nectar of men; its usefulness, the art with which it is composed; then

she extolled the wisdom of the laws, which regulate the flying republic of bees; no other species of animals, said the oratress, can boast this glory, and it is a reward for having nourished, in a cave, the father of the gods; moreover, we have our share of martial valour, when our King animates our troops in the field; how should these worms, vile and contemptible insects, dare to dispute precedency with us? they can only crawl upon the ground, while we take a noble flight, and, with our gilded wings, soar to the very stars.

The speaker of the silk-worms replied; we are but little worms, 'tis true; and have neither so great courage for war, nor such wise laws; but every one of us shews the wonders of nature, and wastes itself in useful toil; without laws we live in peace, nor are any civil wars ever to be seen amongst us, while the bees are killing one another at every change of King: by Proteus' virtue we can change our form; now we are little worms, composed of eleven small rings, interwoven with a variety of the liveliest colours that are admired in the flowers of a parterre; then we spin wherewithal to clothe the gayest and greatest of men, even upon the throne, and wherewithal to adorn the temples of the gods; this so beautiful and so lasting attire, is surely worth abundance of honey, which corrupts so quickly; last of all, we transform ourselves into a bean, but a bean which feels, which moves, and

always speaks some life; after these marvellous metamorphoses, we become all at once butterflies, and shine illustrious with the brightest colours; and then do we no longer yield to the bees in soaring, with advent'rous flight, as far as high Olympus. judge now, O father of gods. Jupiter, at a loss about the decision, declared, at length, that the bees should hold the first rank, on account of the rights they had acquired from ancient times. how, said he, can I degrade them? I have been too much obliged to them to do them such indignity; but I believe that men owe still more to the silk-worms.

THE OWL
THAT
WANTED A WIFE.

F A B L E XXV.

A Young owl, who had seen himself in a fountain, thought himself more beautiful, not to say, than the day, for that he thought very disagreeable, but than the night, which for him had wondrous charms; he said within himself, I have surely sacrificed to the Graces; Venus bath at my birth infolded me in her girdle; the tender Loves, accompanied by the Sports and Smiles, flutter around to caress me; it is time that fair Hymen give me children, graceful as myself; they will be the ornament of the groves, and darlings of the night. what pity that the race of the most perfect birds should fail! happy the bride who shall pass her life in my company! big with these cogitations, he dispatches the crow to demand, in his name, a little eaglet, daughter to the eagle, King of air. the crow had some difficulty to undertake the embassy; I shall be but badly received, said she, to propose so unsuitable a marriage: what? the eagle! who dares to stare the sun full in the face, make a match with you, who cannot so much as open your eyes while it is day; that

is the way for the man and wife never to be together; the one will go abroad by day, the other by night. the vain and self-conceited owl would hear nothing. the crow, to please him, went at last to demand the eaglet. the wife demand occasioned mirth at the aerial court. the eagle gave her for answer; if his owlship means to be my son-in-law, let him come after sunrise, and salute me in the middle of the air. the presumptuous owl would needs go and keep the appointment; his eyes were immediately dazzled; he was struck blind by the sun's rays, and tumbled headlong from the height of air upon a craggy rock. all the birds fell upon him, and plucked off his feathers. he was now too happy to sink into his hole, and to espouse the chough, a worthy lady of the place: their marriage was celebrated by night; and they thought each other extremely handsome and agreeable.

We should never aim at any thing above our sphere, nor flatter ourselves upon our advantages.

T H E
SHEPHERD CLEOBULUS
AND THE
NYMPH PHILIDA.

F A B L E XXVI.

AS a pensive shepherd tended his flock, upon the flowery banks of the river Achelous, the Fauns and Satyrs, that lurked in the neighbouring groves, danced upon the grass, to the melodious sound of his pipe. the Naiads, hid beneath the waters of the river, reared their heads above the reeds to listen to his music. Achelous himself, leaning upon his inclined urn, shewed his front, where there remained but one horn ever since his combat with the great Hercules, and this melody suspended for a while the anguish of the vanquished god. the shepherd saw, unmoved, the Naiads admiring him; he thought of none but the shepherdess Philida, who was simple, natural, without the foreign aid of ornament; fortune ne'er gave her any borrowed lustre, and the Graces alone had adorned and beautified her with their own hands; such went she forth from her village, mindless of every thing but of her sheep. the nymph alone was stranger to her beauty. all the other shepherdesses were jealous of it. the shepherd loved her, and did not dare

to tell her so: what he loved most in her was that matchless virtue, simple and severe, which kept lovers at a distance, and which constitutes the truest charm of beauty. but the ingenious passion suggests the art of representing what might be bold and dangerous to declare. he therefore ceased all his most pleasant songs, to tune one that might touch the fair one's heart. he knew she loved the virtue of the heroes, who, in the toilsome field, had glory won: he sung, under a fictitious name, his own adventures; for, at that time, heroes themselves were shepherds, nor disdained the crook. and, therefore, thus he sung: when Polynices brave, marched to besiege the city Thebes, and to o'erturn the throne of his own brother Eteocles, all the Kings of Greece appeared in hostile arms, and, against the besieged, their chariots drove. Adrastus then, who father was in law to Polynices, hewed resistless down, the adverse troops; as with his keen-edged scythe the reaper sweeping, mows the golden crops. on t'other side, Amphiarus see! the sooth-fayer, who, conscious of his fate, advanced into the fight, and was at once swallowed by Earth, which opened its abyss to hurl him headlong to the banks of Styx; in falling he deplored his faithless wife. fast by behold Oedipus's sons, in hostile, not in brotherly embrace; as when a leopard and a tyger tear each other on the rocks of Caucasus: they rolled each other on the sandy beach, seeming to pant each for his bro-

ther's blood. during this horrid fight, Cleobulus, who followed Polynices, combated against a brave Theban, whom the God of war rendered almost invincible. the shaft of the Theban, guided by the god, had pierced Cleobulus's neck, but that he sprung nimble aside: he, instant, plunged his dart deep in the bowels of his hardy foe: the Theban's blood streams copious, his bright eyes grow dim, his noble mien and all his fire forsake him; now, now, squalid death deforms his comely features; lo! his youthful bride sees him expiring from a turret's height; and O! what pangs transpierce her tender heart! in his misfortune, still too happy man, to have been loved and wailed; I'd die, like him, with pleasure, so I might be loved as he; for what avails great valour, or the glory of famous combats; and O! what avails or youth, or beauty, when one cannot please nor move the object loved!—the shepherdes, who had lent attentive ear to his so tender song, now conceived that the shepherd was Cleobulus, vanquisher of the Theban. she grew sensible of the glory he had acquired, of the Graces that shone in him, and of the pangs he suffered for her; she gave him her heart and hand; an happy Hymen joined the lovely pair; their happiness was envied by all the shepherds round, and by the country-deities themselves. by their union, by their innocent life, by their rural pastimes, even in the hour of age, they equalled the blissful fate of Philemon and Baucis.

CHROMIS

AND

MNASYLUS.

FABLE XXVII.

CHROMIS.

THIS grove has a delightful coolness; the trees are tall, the foliage thick, the walks shady; one hears no noise but that of nightingales, warbling their loves.

MNASYLUS.

There are here beauties still more striking.

CHROMIS.

What! dost thou mean those statues? I don't think them very handsome. there's one that has a mighty homely aspect.

MNASYLUS.

It represents a woman; but let us talk no more of it; for thou knowest one of our shepherds, who has already said all that can be said of her.

CHROMIS.

What then? is it that other inclined above the fountain?

MNASYLUS.

No; I don't mean that neither. the shepherd Lycidas has sung it to his pipe, and I would never pretend to praise after him.

CHROMIS.

Which then ! that statue which represents a young woman ?

MNASYLUS.

Ay ; you've hit on't at last. she has by no means that rustic air of the two others ; and, indeed, she is a greater deity : it is Pomona, or, at least, a nymph ; she holds in one hand an horn of plenty, stored with all the pleasant fruits of the autumn ; with the other she bears a vase, whence pieces of money drop in confusion : thus she holds, at the same time, the fruits of the earth, which are the riches of simple nature, and the treasures, to which the art of men give so high a value.

CHROMIS.

She has her head a little inclined. why so ?

MNASYLUS.

'Tis true ; and that because all figures designed for exalted situations, and to be seen from below, are in a better point of view, when they are a little inclined towards the spectators.

CHROMIS.

But what pray is that head-dress ? it is unknown to our shepherdesses.

MNASYLUS.

It is, however, easy and negligent ; and she is nothing the less graceful. that is her hair, well parted on the forehead, hanging down a little on each side, with a natural curl, and neatly tied behind.

CHROMIS.

And that garment : why so many folds ?

MNASYLUS.

That is a garment, which has the same air of negligence ; it is bound up with a girdle, that so the nymph may walk more commodiously in these woods ; those flowing folds form a more agreeable drapery than strait and formal garments ; the hand of the workman seems to have softened the marble, to make so delicate folds ; you see the very skin beneath this drapery ; thus you find, at once, the tender softness of the flesh, and the variety of folds of the drapery.

CHROMIS.

So, so ! thou art very learned. but since thou knowest every thing, tell me ; that horn of plenty, is it that of the river Achelous, snatched from him by Hercules, or that of the goat Amalthea, Jupiter's nurse on mount Ida ?

MNASYLUS.

That question is yet to decide ; mean time I run to my flock. adieu.

THE END OF THE FABLES.



